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KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

HAPPENINGS IN OUR BUSY SISTER TOWN

Various Paragraphs Of Social And Personal Interest

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, June 13.
Charles Tucker and Elmer Pray have arrived in town to pass their summer vacation from the University of Maine at Orono.
The family of O. B. Libbey has arrived from New York and opened the summer home on Whipple road.
The Aid Society of York Rebekah

Lodge will hold a whist party in Grange Hall this evening.

Kittery Point bridge is pretty well torn up while undergoing repairs and passengers are obliged to transfer.

Capt. Horace Burns of the schooner Sadie A. Kimball is to run the steamer Sam Adams this summer and went to Portland on Wednesday and took out a license as master of gasoline boats. The Kimball will not be in commission this year, as Capt. Burns was unable to get a crew.

The British schooner V. T. H. was wrecked at Sea Point four years ago today; another instance showing that there should be a lifesaving station on Gerrish Island and no inactive season for crews.

Schooner Rebecca G. Whilden, which discharged coal for George D. Boulter, sailed on Wednesday for Stonington, Me. The Whilden is one of the very few small vessels owned by Daniel S. Emery and Company, which firm owns practically all the square riggers out of the port of Boston.

Capt. W. G. Shaokford's ketch Wasp and catboat Hornet are in commission.

Kittery Point

A tug supposed to have been the Teaser, with the barges Paxtang for Portsmouth and Shenandoah for Newburyport in tow, collided with the British schooner Crescent on Nantucket Shoals Monday, cutting her down to the water's edge. The Crescent reached Vineyard Haven.

William A. Godfrey has resigned his position as Henman on the Atlantic Shore line.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Loud of Boston passed Wednesday with friends in town.

Mrs. James K. Cogswell of Portsmouth called on friends in town on Tuesday.

Schooner Paul Palmer is chartered to load coal at Philadelphia for this port at \$1.10, with twelve days to load and discharge.

Dr. J. D. Carty is confined to his home by illness which threatens to be pneumonia.

Mrs. W. S. Rathbone and Misses Rathbone and Hawthorth of Boston have arrived at the Roberts cottage for the summer.

The friends of a young woman are "jolly" her over a trip she took to the bottom of Pepperrell's Cove on Tuesday from her husband's gasoline launch. Had not her husband been on the boat there might have been serious results.

Funeral services over the body of Mrs. Lydia Manson, were held this afternoon at two o'clock from the house of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Gilchrist, Rev. V. E. Bragdon officiating. Interment was in Orchard Grove cemetery.

Tug M. Mitchell Davis is resplendent in a new coat of paint.

Conductor James Coleman, who suffered a serious injury to his knee

(Continued on page five.)

CITY COUNCIL

Held Busy Meeting On Wednesday Evening

APPOINT JULY SIXTH AS "CLEAN CITY DAY"

Revoke One Junk License And Will Revoke Others On Complaint

TRANSFER CITY'S HOLDING OF B. & M. R. STOCK FOR N. Y. N. H. & H. STOCK

The regular meeting of the city council was held on Wednesday evening with Mayor Hackett presiding and all of the council present with the exception of Councilmen Davis, Eastman and Cater.

After the usual reading of the records, Mayor Hackett read a communication from President George A. Wood of the Portsmouth Improvement Society asking that the city council set aside a day to be known as "Clean City Day," the object being to on that date have all property owners remove all objectionable refuse. The plan had been tried in some big cities of the west with very good success. Mayor Hackett was very much in favor of the plan for he stated that he was afraid that there had been a lowering of the standard of neatness in this city in the past few years and something was needed to wake us up. On motion of Councilman Boynton the council voted to appoint July 6th as "Clean City Day."

A communication was received from the Boston and Maine railroad in regard to the improvements about Vaughan street. The plan of the city to pave that section of the street about the railroad crossing, that is on Vaughan street from Deer street to the other side of the railroad crossing, and up Russell street for a short space, would cost \$3100 of which the work of paving about the crossing and between the tracks of the electric railroad, and to a point eighteen inches outside of the rails would be done by the railroad. That would cost \$650, leaving \$2450 for the city to pay. The communication was accompanied by a letter from the railroad engineer in which he stated that the idea of laying block pavement between the tracks was not feasible with T rails and he suggested that crushed stone be packed in. Mayor Hackett said that he had been already authorized to make arrangements for the work. Councilman Boynton said that he had a resolution transferring money which he would offer later in the evening.

A letter from Ex-Mayor W. E. Marvin asked that the city council abate the fee of J. E. Leavitt for entering the sewer on Union street, as Mr. Leavitt had been to a big expense to get to the sewer, and that the last city council had informally agreed to abate the fee. On motion the fee was abated.

Kereall Nazarov was granted a license to open a pool room at No. 84 Islington street.

The petition of the Kearsarge Flute and Drum Band for permission to use the Ward One room for practicing, was referred to the committee on City Lands and Buildings with power.

Mrs. Frank Sides asked for a relay of sidewalk in front of her residence No. 9 Cabot street, and it was referred to the committee on streets with power. A petition from the same person for the removal of a dead tree was referred to the tree warden, and the Clerk authorized to send all such petitions to that official.

A petition of H. L. Bates to erect a sign on Market street, was referred to the committee on streets with power.

Margeson Brothers were granted leave to encumber Vaughan street for building purposes and Willis Klerman the same right on Court street.

Paschal Spinney was granted a re-

newal of his license to deal in old junk.

Mayor Hackett called the attention of the board to the issuing of peddlers' licenses. He read the state law, in which the Mayor shall issue the certification that the men are of good moral character. There had been already six issued and he was opposed to granting many more. Mr. Payne was also opposed to the granting of the licenses. There were two now in the Mayor's hands. One was that of G. L. King who runs a pop corn stand on Congress street was that of B. L. King, who runs a Greek fruit pedlar will have to show the Mayor.

The old matter of junk licenses came up before the board on the Mayor's report that twenty three had already been granted and that he would like to see some of them cut out. The last one granted was to Phillip Soratio who the police were looking for at the present time. He considered that there was a looseness about the issuance of the licenses which should be corrected. On motion of Councilman Curtis the Mayor was authorized to revoke the license of any dealer, against whom a complaint was made by any responsible party. Mayor Hackett announced that he would revoke the license of Phillip Soratio.

The Board of Water Commissioners wanted a portion of the city farm for stable room, and at the suggestion of the Mayor, the committee on city lands and buildings was authorized to make the necessary arrangements with the Water Commissioners.

Mayor Hackett appointed W. C. Walton and Miss Frances A. Mathes as trustees of the public library for a term of three years.

A resolution giving the special committee on delinquent taxes power to settle cases and to bring suit for the back taxes was passed.

Mayor Hackett stated that the Water Sprinkling District Selectmen had asked permission to use the reservoirs on Madison and Hanover street for sprinkling the streets. He had found that these reservoirs were supplied by springs, and he had prepared a vote that the petition be granted under the direction of the Water Board. Councilman Ward wanted to know what the Water Board had to do with the reservoirs, and he was informed nothing. The vote passed.

Councilman Boynton offered a resolution which was adopted transferring such sums of money as was needed for the Vaughan street improvement job, from any money that was available.

Councilman Boynton offered another resolution to the effect that the Sinking Fund Commission be authorized the exchange to 885 shares of the common stock of the Boston and Maine railroad for the capital stock of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford railroad. The resolution passed.

Two amendments to the plumbing ordinances compiled by Mayor Hackett, J. A. Sanborn and John Cornallus were offered by the Mayor and passed through their several readings without debate. The first provides for proper toilet facilities for each family in a building, and gives the plumbers power to shut off the water from the service pipe without waiting for the Water Board. Another prevents any extension of the water service from one house to another without permission from the Water Board.

Councilman Boynton offered an ordinance defining the duties of the Sinking Fund Commission, and it was passed under a suspension of the rules.

Mr. Clarence Parmenter addressed the council in regard to the nuisance created by the filling in of the tide way back of his land on Richards avenue. Mayor Hackett said that it was their own property and the city had no right on it, and Mr. Parmenter said that city men had entered the property to fill the tide way and had created the nuisance and it was up to them to abolish it. The committee on sewers will look after the matter and report.

The auditor's report of bills amounting to \$2324.00 were read and ordered paid.

Two bills from the County Commissioners for the board of various city charges at the county farm were offered, but no one seemed to know anything about them and they were referred to the committee on claims.

Adjourned for two weeks.

ARE VERY YOUNG

But Police Consider Them Real Yeggmen

NORTH KITTERY BURGLARS ARE NOT AMATEURS

One of Them Formerly Stationed at This Navy Yard

CLARK EVIDENTLY A BRIGHT BOY WHO HAS GONE WRONG

One of the three young yeggmen concerned in the break at the Fernald cottage at North Kittery claims that he was once in the United States service and stationed at Portsmouth navy yard. The young fellow told Mr. Fernald that he had seen him before and the latter replied that he was wondering where he had previously seen the young man.

"When you were at the navy yard, you probably walked out by my cottage several times," said Mr. Fernald.

"One or twice, certainly," responded the youth with a smile. "Yes, maybe I was out there several times."

The young men were photographed in Portland and were a trifle particular about their personal appearance. They were all roughly dressed, but Clark insisted upon being provided with a clean collar. He had been photographed before and seemed to enjoy it.

Clark is undoubtedly cleverer than either of his companions and seems to be a bright boy who has taken the wrong course. It was a long time before he could be convinced that the game was up and insisted that a handsome clock in his possession was his personal property. When Mr. Fernald's daughter identified it, however, he confessed that it was stolen.

There is plenty of evidence that the young fellows are not amateurs and the fact that they fired at the officers when surprised at the Fernald cottage proves that they are ready to take human life if they deem it necessary. The Portland police think that the capture of the youthful yeggmen was a good job and Sheriff Athorne is very anxious to apprehend their companions who have for the present, at least, made good their escape.

The Portland Press says that the police of that city were much impressed by Sheriff Athorne, judging him "a good officer, quick to see a point and ready to act."

HERE FOR WRINKLES

The fishing schooner Jubilee of Gloucester is here for wrinkles, much desired by fishermen for bait and which are fairly plentiful along this coast.

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)
Washington, June 13.—The indications are for generally fair weather on Friday, with a tendency to cloudiness and south to west winds.

ALDRICH MUSEUM

Of Literature and Art May Be Established

MEETING TO BE HELD ON MONDAY EVENING

Plan Is to Acquire House in Which Poet Lived

HIS WIDOW AND SON MAKE PROPOSITION TO FURNISH IT

Mayor Wallace Hackett has issued a circular letter inviting the citizens of Portsmouth to attend a meeting to be held in City Hall next Monday evening at eight o'clock, to consider plans for a Thomas Bailey Aldrich memorial. Mr. Hackett emphasizes the fact that the attendance of every interested person is desired and it is hoped that the interest in this worthy project will be general.

The plan, as originally outlined by The Herald, is to acquire the house on Court street where Aldrich lived, appropriately furnish it and make it a public museum of literature and art.

As previously told in these columns, the widow and son of the poet have made a proposition to furnish the house and this proposition will be considered at the meeting on Monday evening.

A committee will be appointed to begin actual work for the establishment of the proposed memorial. If favorable opinions of the plan are expressed at the meeting.

METCALF SAFE

Washington Gives Assurance That Secretary Is All Right

The assurance given out late Wednesday afternoon that Secretary of the Navy Victor H. Metcalf and his family were undoubtedly safe relieved the anxiety felt all over the country. Delays on the James River are said to be responsible for the failure of the lighthouse tender Maple, on which the Secretary was a passenger, to return to Norfolk at the time expected.

Throughout Wednesday, the keenest anxiety was felt for Secretary Metcalf, his wife and daughter.

ARRANGEMENTS WERE PERFECT

The committee which carried out such perfect arrangements for the unveiling of the memorial tablet at the marine barracks in honor of the marines killed in Cuba was composed of John H. Clifford, George Fisher, Corporal Agnew and Sergt. Grace, all members of Company D and Camp Schley.

A NEW RESIDENT OF CHRISTIAN SHORE

Congratulations are coming rapidly to Mr. and Mrs. George E. Kane of Dennett street on the arrival of a daughter at the family home on Wednesday.

WOULDN'T YOU?

Wouldn't you like to have us do the hard part of your sewing for you?

See the motor in our window.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY LIGHT & POWER CO

SALE OF WOMEN'S SPRING SUITS

Choicest Models at a Substantial Reduction from Regular Prices.

If we had the weather we should have had the past two months, at least eight out of every ten suits we now hold in stock would have long since found purchasers.

So we are up against it, as it were, and we have to adopt severe measures to bring our stock into proper dimensions for this time of the year—have to reduce our prices on these garments in order to promptly dispose of this surplus.

Of course such price reducing is unusual so early in the season, and it will of a certainty attract a big crowd, so it will be well to make a special effort to be present early in the day.

Eton Suit—Short sleeves, fancy check goods, silk trimmed; Plaited Skirt, trimmed with bands, regular \$35, now	20.00	Brown Panama Eton Suit—Trimmed with silk braid, Plaited Skirt, was \$23.50, now	20.00
Gray Mixed Eton Suit—Short sleeves, trimmed with broad silk braid, fancy vest, Plaited Skirt	12.00	Light Gray Cutaway Suit—Very stylish, Plaited Skirt, was \$26.50, now	22.50
Gray Checked Eton Suit—Long sleeves, silk collar, fancy vest, Tucked Skirt, was \$32.50, now	25.00	Fancy Mixed Cutaway Black Suit—Silk collar, Tucked Skirt, only	18.75
Black and White Check Eton Suit—Trimmed with soutache braid, Tucked Skirt, was \$25.00, now	20.00	Two Tom Green Check Suit—Length coat, Gibson shoulders, Plaited Skirt, was \$22.50, now	18.75
Navy Blue Eton Suit—Gibson shoulders, fancy braid trimmed Box Plaited Skirt	26.50	Fancy Brown Mixture 3-piece Suit—Jumper trimmed with fancy silk braid and buttons, lace trimmed Eton jacket, was \$32.50, now	25.00

SOME STERLING CHANCES TO BUY WAISTS.

Where is the woman who said "I never can afford as many shirtwaists as I'd like to have?"

We want to see her—for there are waists galore here—some fluffy and fascinating, others simple to an extreme—every one dainty to a degree. And costing very moderate sums.

And they will be sold, at once, at such remarkably low prices. So hurry! Read about 'em.

Lawn Waists—Embroidered or lace trimmed, long or short sleeves, excellent value	\$1.00
Cross Bar Muslin Waists—Well made and daintily trimmed	\$1.50
Lawn Waists—All over embroidery front, lace trimmed sleeves	\$2.98
Marie Antoinette Waists of Cross Bar Muslin—Trimmed with pretty lace	\$2.25
Tailor-made Linen Waists—with rows of fine tucks and embroidered collars	\$2.25 and \$3.50
Silk Jumpers—Lace trimmed, best Black Silk Taffeta	\$4.50
Madras Tailor-made White Waists, long sleeves	\$2.25
Gingham Jumper Suits—A nice line of choice patterns and colorings	\$2.98, \$3.98 and \$5.00
House Dresses—Best Point Tucked Waists—ruffle on bottom of skirt	\$1.25 and \$1.50
Domestic Wrappers—Choicest patterns in the best Percales	\$1.25

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

Geo. B. French Co



TERRORS OF RUSSIAN WINTER.

It is So Cold That All Human Activity Is Nearly Suspended.

"Winter in Russia," said a traveler, "is a time of rest. The only work possible in the country is woodchopping, and since very few can engage in this profitable activity, the majority of the peasants spend the cold months beside their stoves—sleeping."

"When the first snow falls they heap it up against their huts, and it helps to keep them warm. In the towns every street is piled with mounds of snow, ten feet high, restricting the fairway of traffic to half the usual breadth of the road."

"Bonfires burn at all street corners, round which the policemen on duty, the errand boy and the casual loafer stand thawing out frozen toes and trying to gain comfort in the cheery sight of the blaze. In Moscow the municipality has this year erected hundreds of little huts warmed to fever heat with stoves. Between these and the government drink monopoly shops a great many worthy citizens, who, but for that terrible wind, would be seeking work in a score of different directions, hover to and fro. Vodka is consumed in astonishing quantities, and it has the property of enabling the generous drinker to withstand this icy blast for hour after hour—in fact, so long as the stuff is procurable. But there is no credit in the government drink monopoly shops, and when they close the streets become strangely deserted by all but the few well-to-do who care to face the cold on business or pleasure bent."

"The only garment that will keep out frost and wind is the Siberian dachka; ordinary fur-lined coats with huge collars embedding the head covered with well-wadded fur caps, are useful only for short drives; for anything over a few miles the dachka is indispensable. This is preferably reindeer hide without and some heavy, close fur within, and is made large enough to envelop the wearer with clothes and ordinary fur coat, if need be, as well."

"It is astonishing what extremes and sudden changes the human frame will accustom itself to. You sit in a warm house at a temperature of 68 degrees one moment and the next you are out in the street breathing with exhilaration generous lungfuls of air at 40 degrees below the opening of the first door and the closing of the third—you always have at least three doors to get in and out of during a Russian winter."

King Came to Marriage.

At the time of the marriage of the crown prince of Sweden, Miss Emma Thorsby, the American singer, and Mme. Christine Nilsson were appearing on alternate nights at the Royal theater at Stockholm. Mme. Nilsson would sing in opera one night and Miss Thorsby in concert the next.

Both ladies were invited to the court ball given by King Oskar in honor of the crown prince and his bride, and both wished to attend. But neither had a court train, and they were at their wits' ends to know what to do. Every dressmaker in Stockholm was busy night and day; it was too late to order their trains from Paris. Mme. Nilsson finally solved the difficulty.

"I will write to the king about it," she said. And she did. "Your most gracious majesty," she wrote in her letter, "Miss Thorsby and I have no flaps to wear to the court ball. What shall we do?" "Come without them, Oskar," was the answer they got back the same day. "They went to the ball and had a memorable time."

Donkey Was Too Sensitive.

Ellen Terry, at a dinner in New York was condemning snobbishness. "It is the most contemptible of all shortcomings," she said. "And undoubtedly the so-called aristocratic snobs inflict a great deal of pain with their insults. They don't understand the pain they inflict, though. A snob has no imagination. He has no more idea of the effect of his work than had the little boy with the donkey. There was a little boy whose father gave him a donkey for an Easter gift. All went well with the animal for some weeks. Then one afternoon the lad limped into the house in tears. 'The bad donkey kicked me,' he howled. 'Kicked you? Then you must have been cruel to it,' said his mother. 'I wasn't cruel to it at all,' he screamed. 'I only just tried to carve my name on it with my new knife.'"

More Housewives.

The Prussian minister of education announces that "girls who wish to become merely housewives will enter the lycæum. Others who wish to study at the universities will enter the gymnasia. In the lycæum, cooking, domestic economy and the care of infants will be taught; in the gymnasia, the academic subjects." "Merely!" Here is a new slogan for the American comic papers. We have heard of "mere man" from those who smile at women's new "spheres." Now come "mere housewives."

A Perfect Gentleman.

"But," protested Miss Jokeley, "I assure you the stories I've been telling you were original with me. I shouldn't think a gentleman would doubt my word."

"Well," answered Brightley, "I consider it more gentlemanly to doubt your word than to believe you old enough to have originated those stories."

REAL SPEED OF THOUGHT.

Limited by Rapidity with Which Nerve System Can Act.

How long does it take to think? Prof. Helmholtz argues that the whole probably feels a wound near its tail in about one second, and requires another second to send back orders to the tail to defend itself. The reason why the time occupied by this preparation seems to us so infinitesimal lies in the fact that we are unable to perceive more quickly than our nerve system can act, and thus the intervals required for its operations appear to us imperceptibly small. Astronomers vary in their estimation of the moment at which a star crosses the web of their telescopes by more than a whole second, while the estimates of any individual taken by himself agree within one-tenth of a second if frequently repeated. Still more surprising is the difficulty of determining whether the beats of two gently ticking watches coincide or fall between each other if held to either ear, while nothing is easier than the same determination if both are held to the same ear. Helmholtz pictures the matter to himself in this way: "The two perceptions of different organs can be estimated only as regards their time relations, when there is a sufficient interval between to reflect. Now that you have perceived one, but not as yet the other." Our thought is not so rapid as we usually believe, as has proved by his experiment of taking an electric shock at any point on his body and then trying to move his hand as quickly as possible.

HID HIS MONEY IN HIS TIE.

But the Cautious Farmer's Secret Was Guessed by a Detective.

"You have often heard the question, 'Where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also,'" said a detective, "I saw in illustration of that not long ago on a railroad train. A detective employed by the railway company and I were seated near a countryman who adjusted his necktie every few minutes."

"That tie bothers the old man," I said to my companion.

"Don't think it's the tie," replied the railroad detective.

"Then he leaned forward and said to the farmer, 'Better take your money out of that necktie.'"

"Who told you I had money in my tie?" demanded the farmer.

"The detective then explained that his actions in adjusting his necktie led to the supposition. The farmer admitted that he had chosen the tie as the hiding place for a number of bills."

"His idea was all right," concluded the detective, "but he couldn't keep his hands off the cravat."

"They are quite tame, you see," he said. "Why shouldn't they be so? The fact is, they are on my payroll. They work for me. Their wages are a pound of cheese and a loaf of bread a week."

"Ivory dealers like rats, for rats are ivory's best judges, and without their help we should often want a higher price for a bad tusk than for a fine one."

He took a fragment of ivory from the floor and pointed to certain small furrows in its surface.

"The rats did that," he said. "Those furrows are a proof of the ivory's excellence. Rats gnaw the ivory that contains animal glue, or gelatine, a substance of which they are fond. And this substance it is that makes ivory excellent, yet a mere man can't tell whether a tusk contains it or not."

"The rats can tell. They are ivory experts, and they work so cheap."

Branded as a Deserter.

An army pension has just been granted to J. Tomlin, of Nottingham, England, who is now 81, and his medals, granted for Sevastopol, have been replaced.

It seems that he was invalided home from the Crimea and granted a month's furlough. While enjoying his rest he was stricken with typhoid fever, but, being unable to read or write, did not acquaint the officers of his regiment with his misfortune or ask a friend to do so. The consequence was that when his furlough expired he was posted as a deserter, and while on his way to rejoin was arrested.

At Aldershot he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be branded with the letter "D."

Hard Heads Matched.

Among the songs of Robert Burns is one upon a whistle used by a Dane who visited England in the retinue of Anne of Denmark. This whistle was placed on the table at the beginning of a drinking bout, which was won by whoever was last able to blow it. The Dane conquered all comers, says the story, until Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, "after three days and nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table."

Tilman's Good Definition.

A reporter asked Senator Tilman rather maliciously what he thought of a certain opponent's speech.

"My boy," said the senator, "it was like a fine bottle of champagne."

"Yes?" murmured the reporter, rather taken aback.

"Yes," said Senator Tilman, "lots of froth and very dry."

ERRORS OVER THE PHONE.

Some Are Amusing, Others Humorous—One of the Latter.

If some enterprising gentleman should set to work to write a treatise entitled "Errors Over the Telephone," he could find a sufficiency of them in any single community, says the Boston Herald. Some of these are rather annoying; some cause considerable irritation, as any person who resorts to the phone frequently can testify; and some, again, are so funny in their results as to take away the annoyance caused by the blundering.

One of the latter happened one evening last week. The hour had arrived when two men, professional associates and occupying the same room in a prominent building, decided that they should dine. To avoid having to wait for their meal when they reached the establishment they intended to patronize, they decided to order it over the telephone.

A couple of fine steaks, with the usual trimmings, were agreed upon, and the order therefor was made in due form. Soon afterward with good appetites they entered their restaurant. Everything was ready, and the courteous waiter escorted them to their table. The steaks were already there—two fine, large raw sirloin steaks.

Of course there was a surprise. "How's this?" said one of the gentlemen. "What do you mean by setting before us this raw meat? We're not in training for an arctic expedition."

"Beg pardon, sir," said William, the waiter; "that's what you ordered over the phone."

Both of the patrons understood at once. They had ordered rare steaks, and the order as the chop house people got it from the telephone was raw steaks. The mistake was not so serious as to put either of the gentlemen in a bad humor. The waiter was the only one who felt put out about it, and he remarked sub rosa to himself as he carried the steaks back to be broiled: "Blast them telephones, anyhow."

Cemetery Watch Houses.

Some workmen were tearing down a little stone hut in the corner of the cemetery.

"This is one of the few of the cemetery watch houses," said the superintendent, "left in America. With its disappearance only the Vermont ones will remain."

"Cemetery watch houses were built to prevent body snatching. Body snatching in the past, you know, was a very common crime. The watchers in the watch houses caught many a body snatcher crouched in a grave feverishly hacking open a coffin by his lantern's yellow light."

"Nowadays physicians get their cadavers legally and body snatching is an obsolete crime. But here and there in cemetery corners stands a ruined watch house, a reminder of the days when your mother's corpse was not safe."

What She Wanted.

Thomas A. Edison was discussing at Atlantic City the various devices for increasing the brilliancy and diminishing the cost of a gas jet.

"Many of these devices have for base a mantle," he said. "You know what a mantle looks like? Then you'll appreciate a remark I overheard in a hardware dealer's."

"A young woman entered the shop and said:

"Have you got those things for improving a gas light?"

"Yes, madam," said the dealer.

"Here is a complete set, fittings, chimney and mantle all for—"

"Oh, I don't want the set," said the young woman. "I've got the metal part and the chimney, but the little white shirt is busted. It's only one of them I want."

Phonograph Proved Case.

In Brussels lives a lawyer who recently made good use of a phonograph in a lawsuit. He had been continually annoyed by the noises of hammering from an iron foundry in his near neighborhood. Finding that complaints were unavailing, he brought the matter into court. But before doing so in placed a phonograph in his library for one whole day. When the cause came before the court he produced the phonograph and set going the specially prepared cylinder. An uproar and din as from the forgo of Vulcan was the result, and the ingenious lawyer won his case.

Pays for Stolen Apples.

Hornee Richardson, for many years a leading grocer, but now retired, is in receipt of a letter mailed in this city from an unknown writer, reading: "Mr. Richardson, when I was a girl, a few years ago, I was in your store, with other girls. I took some apples unknown to you, which we ate. I didn't know it was wrong, but I have learned since. I grew older, and I enclose 25 cents in stamps, which will fully repay you for all loss by my act."

No name is signed to the letter, but the writer adds: "You do not know who I am, but if we both go to heaven then you will know."—Indianapolis News.

Poor Horse!

"You look grouchy this morning," said the first horse. "What's the matter, are you sick?"

"Yes," replied the other; "sick and disgusted. I feel like an automobile."

"I heard the ostler telling the boss yesterday, I was 'out of order.'"—Philadelphia Press.

WORDS WHICH MEAN NOTHING.

Women Criticize Commonplaces Used in Politic Society.

"We have many commonplaces in so-called polite intercourse," said a woman who does a bit of thinking for herself, "and one of the most meaningless of them, to my mind, is the expression frequently heard: 'Now, be sure to call upon me if I can do anything for you.' I say, meaningless, because, when it is said, it ought to mean a great deal, and as a matter of fact, it doesn't mean anything at all. It's insinuating, though rather disheartening, to take people who give this sort of invitation at their word, and see the surprise upon their faces. They can do something for you, you have decided, and, therefore, you bring the matter to their notice. It may be an introduction, a loan of a book, or the doing of an errand. You are, indeed, made to feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive. No one likes to be a suppliant, you know, and it's even worse to be made to realize that you are a suppliant."

"I'd prefer to have an out and out refusal without explanation, of a request which I had felt privileged to make, than a grudging consent given with the very evident air of conferring a favor. Oh! I don't get caught very many times in this way, as I grow older, but occasionally I do, and it's because I think a good many others do, as well, that I'm freeing my mind. What I plead for is a little more sincerity in conversation—especially when the lack of it is likely to lead to embarrassing situations."

LOOKING BACK TO THE PAST.

Pioneer Saw Indian Hunting Ground Where Stands Busy City.

"Stranger, 33 years ago I marked the site for this town," said O. J. Burwell, while in Lenora the other day, "and I have seen herds of buffalo go galloping through here and hundreds of Indians camping on this very spot. Lenora was built on my homestead because I had faith in this country. I have seen some hard times, but I refused \$100 an acre for my farm last week. I landed here 34 years old, without a cent, and now I am, of course, no wealthy man."

There was a ring of pride in the voice of the old pioneer as he spoke of Lenora and its beginning. As he spoke, the street was lined with farmers' teams, rural carriers went driving by; the whistle of the incoming train was heard, and the high school bell was ringing.

A glance down Main street revealed the long line of large stores that bespoke a wealthy and populous community. The old pioneer could still see the Indian encampment, and the wild buffalo, and he was envied the panorama of the years that he gazed upon, in which was developed the busy little city.—Topeka Capital.

An "In" and "Out" Problem.

The Association of Collegiate Alumni at a recent meeting listened to addresses from six women who had held fellowships from the association, says the Youth's Companion. Four of the six may write Ph. D. or Litt. D. after their names. Their researches have been in diverse fields—Roman archaeology, old English, comparative psychology, aesthetics. Their stories of their work show their vigor and ingenuity in the pursuit of knowledge, and humor in facing the difficulties of their tasks.

For example, one of them wished to study a manuscript in the monastery of Monte Cassino. She found the rules of the order forbade any woman to work in the library or any manuscript to be taken out. But a gentle appeal to the abbot resulted in his sending the desired treasure to the porter's room at the gate. By a free construction of the regulations the book was there said to be "in" and the matter was said to be "out," and all requirements were met.

Congratulations Made Easy.

It is said that in the late '70s and early '80s, when the late Lord Falkmouth's colors were well high invincible on the turf, Lord Rosebery had a hundred forms printed, beginning, "My dear Falkmouth, allow me once again to congratulate you on the success of your horse—in another classic race," etc. He used to fill in these printed forms with the animal's name and that of the race.

After Lord Rosebery's, Kermesse had beaten Lord Falkmouth's own filly in the Champagne stakes at Doncaster, Lord Falkmouth retaliated and sent one of these forms back again with "Rosebery" substituted for "Falkmouth," and Kermesse for the horse that had been forwarded to him.

Population of Siberia.

The bulk of the population of Siberia is made up of emigrants and exiles from Russia proper. At present the exile form only eight or nine per cent of the whole, and this proportion is decreasing, while the number of voluntary emigrants is growing each year. The latter are chiefly farmers, who are given government land, rent free for a number of years, after which they are obliged to pay a small tax.

Measure of His Success.

Hicks—Your friend Marryatt tells me he's got his wife pretty thoroughly trained now.

Wicks—Yes, he's got her trained so that he can make her do pretty nearly anything she wants to do.

JUST THOUGHTS.

The path of duty leads to happiness. Fortune tellers are fortune swellers for themselves.

Many a man takes a better half in a half-hearted manner.

Courtship is the juicy grape and marriage the appendicitis.

Judge no man's sincerity by what he says, but by what he doesn't.

Present a small boy with a watch and he'll have the time of his life.

Hot air is the motive power that operates the human talking machine.

Many a man becomes a jailbird through his strenuous efforts to feather his nest.

When a man is looking for trouble few of his friends are too busy to assist in the search.

And the mining prospectus gets the coin while the hard-luck story is bumping the humps.

Did you ever notice how few people there are present when anyone happens to say nice things about you?

A successful financier is a man who can separate other men from their money without the aid of a sandbag.

At the Psychology Club.

"Do you know," cried Profunda at the weekly meeting, "that I have a mysterious dread, an esoteric fear of a cat? I always feel that I am subject to a sudden attack when one is near."

"That's easy," said Miss Downright, "it's the rat in your pomp."—Baltimore American.

Wanted Peace and Quiet.

Blkins—Where are you living now? Wilkins—On Rattlybang street, alongside of Strike & Hitt's boiler factory.

Blkins—Well, I guess I'll drop in for a quiet evening now and then. I live alongside an elevated railroad.—N. Y. Weekly.

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Cemetery Lots
CARED FOR AND TURNING DONE.

With increased facilities, the association is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to its care. It will also give careful attention to the turning and grading of them, also to the clearing of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies, in addition to working the cemeteries in all their various and grueling in the city at short notice.

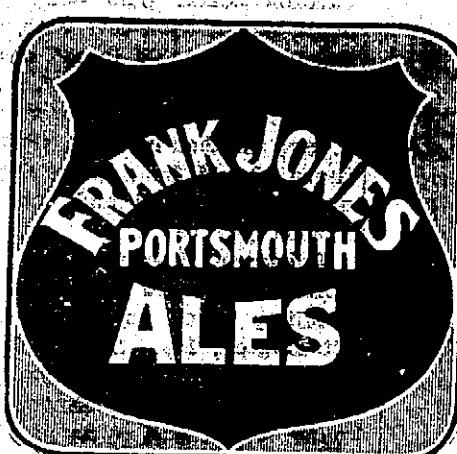
Cemetery lots for sale, also Loan and Tarr. Orders for lot in his residence, corner of Hill and Avenue and North Street, or by mail, or with Oliver W. Hill, 61 Market Street, will be promptly attended to.

M. J. GRIFFIN

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RICHES A HANDICAP

BETTER FOR BOYS TO START AT THE FOOT.

Wealthy Man Troubled for Future of His Sons Because They Have No Need to Rely on Themselves.

"Do you know what's bothering me now?" said a man who has made himself rich and is fast getting richer. "It's wondering what is going to become of my boys."

"I have four sons, all young, and all wholesome, natural youngsters, but if I keep on making money the way I'm doing now I don't know what's going to happen to them when they grow up. There's nothing like being born poor to give a man a real start in life, with his feet firmly planted on the ground, where they ought to be, and he learning to rely on himself."

"I was born that way and I've always been grateful for it. If I had been born rich I think I should have been more or less of a no account. I had to get out and hustle and work to get along, and the habit of work has never left me since, as I hope it never will."

"But how is it going to be about my boys? They may come to think that they don't have to work, which would be the ruin of them, or would at least put them out of the running with self-reliant, able men."

"I'm sending them to public school, of course, and there they learn a heap of things besides what they get out of their books. They learn for one very valuable lesson that there are other people in the world besides themselves and that there may be plenty of people smarter than they are, and that they've got to work if they expect to keep their end up."

"Boys are democrats. You can't put on any lugs or airs if you expect to get along with the boys in a public school; if you want friends you've got to be friendly. A good all-around start in life it is for boys to go to a public school, and I hope my boys will profit by it."

"But I suppose in time they'll go to a private school, and then if they want to they'll go to college, and there, what with their money, unless they should turn out to be very hardheaded young men, they will come to train with other young men with money, and so get separated from the bulk of their fellow students and begin to live sort of by themselves; and I can't imagine anything happening to a young man worse than that, his getting away from the mass of his fellow men."

"My boys have never known what it is to be poor. They have always had what they wanted, and unless I should fall or bust up or something, which I don't expect to do, I don't see why they shouldn't always have things, because as long as I had anything I should be sure to keep them. That's human nature."

"And, you see, there's the trouble. They've got somebody to lean on, and a man that doesn't have to lean on to put out his own strength. The only way in which a man can ever amount to anything is by work, hard work."

"The man that doesn't work dwells and comes to be of no account. And I do hope my boys will want to work. I don't care what they do if they'll only work at it, and work hard and faithfully. I think they're handicapped as it is; honest Injun, I think it would have been better for them to have been born poor, but I hope they'll turn out to be men."

Hunters in Church.

The hunt of Saint Hubert at Rillye-Chambly, France,—the seat of Prince Murat—is especially interesting, owing to an ancient custom having been revived and still kept up. Every year there is a grand mass held at the church, which is brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. The whippers-in and the whole hunting establishment, wearing the livery of the house, which is red, with tricorn hats embroidered with gold, ranged down the nave. At the elevation of the host the men sound their horns and the priest solemnly blesses the hunt. This is quite a grand fete.

One can faintly imagine the picturesque tout ensemble of this scene, not only the dogs, riders and beautiful horses but the magnificent carriages, with the most fashionably dressed ladies, and the chic impromptu lunches. All very fascinating, accompanied with the light-heartedness of spirit and simple grace of the aristocratic French woman. It is a sight that lingers long in the memory, so instinct with charm and beauty is it.—Gentlewoman.

She Was Strictly Up-to-Date.

"Modernity is all very well," said an elderly woman, "but in an episode the other day I think it was carried too far."

In response to an advertisement a housekeeper called to see about taking a position with me. She was an intelligent, capable young woman, trim and pretty, and I thought highly of her till she took out a silver cigarette case and, extending it to me, said:

"Do take a cigarette, madam. One can discuss things so much more comfortably over a smoke."

Cause and Effect.

Miss Wise—The last time I saw Mrs. Newbridge she said her husband was sick.

Mrs. Newbridge—Yes; the last time I saw her she was making some dainty dish for him.

Mrs. Wise—Ah, then I guess I must have seen her just after you did.

THE GROWTH OF FISHES.

Males Attain Their Maturity Earlier Than Females.

There is now in course of arrangement in the Central hall of the Natural History museum at South Kensington, says the London Daily Graphic, a most interesting exhibition illustrating some of the principal features of the fishery investigation work of the Marine Biological association, toward the support of which the chancellor of the exchequer was recently asked to increase the government grant. Specimens of pollack are on view showing the annual growth rate in the English channel, which varies from about one and a half to two and a half inches at the age of three to four months to 21½ inches at the end of the sixth summer. A series of scales taken from the same fish at various periods are also exhibited in illustration of another method of determining the age of fish. In like manner a number of plaice taken from the bays and estuaries on the east coast of England, the English channel and the southern part of the North sea are on exhibition, an examination showing that for the first three years the growth rate of both males and females is practically identical, and that after that period the growth of the males is slower than that of females, a circumstance which is associated with the earlier maturity of the males.

SHEEP FATTENED ON SNAILS.

Makes the Finest Mutton on Earth, Says a Breeder.

"Most people would be horrified to learn that the finest mutton in the world comes from sheep fattened on snails," says a large breeder of South-down sheep; "nevertheless, it is a fact. In seasons when snails are plentiful the mutton from our sheep has a delicious flavor which it never acquires from the most scientific form of feeding. On the continent a diet of snails is a regular cure for consumptives and is said to fatten and nourish the body in a wonderful way."

Brilliant English Woman.

Lady Huggins, now that Miss Agnes Clerke is dead, says a London writer, may be regarded as our only lady astronomer of real eminence. When about ten years old Miss Margaret Murray, as she then was, went to work at astronomy systematically, and by the time she married Dr. Huggins she knew enough to be of the greatest assistance to him. They established themselves at the Tulsa Hill, then a mere lane in the midst of fields, and carried out the "new" astronomy, the principle of which was to investigate not only the motions of the heavenly bodies, but also what they are made of. Lady Huggins is, indeed, a many-sided woman, for she has managed to find time to cultivate music, painting, wood-carving and botany, and she is devoted to her beautiful garden. She is a great judge of bric-a-brac, and possesses some wonderful examples of medieval craftsmanship. She plays the piano, the organ and the concertina.

Not the Right Man.

A large number of readers, including many clergymen from all over the country, entered the clerical anecdotes competition of the Church Family Newspaper. The first prize goes to Rev. G. Emery, rector of Penmaen, S. O. Glamorgan, England, for this:

"At a village church a wedding was fixed for a certain date. The happy morn arrived, and in due course a youthful swain and faire lady presented themselves at the chancel steps."

"The service proceeded smoothly as far as the question, 'Will thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?'"

Whereupon the supposed bridegroom, gamstered blushing, "Please, sir, I'm not the right man." "Not the right man!" exclaimed the clergyman, aghast. "Then where is the right man?"

"He's down at the bottom of the church, sir. He's asheamed to come up."

Clever Autograph Fiend.

Hall Calne has a great horror of the autograph hunter, but during his latest visit to America he was trapped by a wily collector in a very curious way. One day a porter at the hotel brought him a registered letter. He signed the receipt, and was then asked to sign a second paper, which he was told had to be returned to the sender of the letter. New to American ways, he did so, and when he opened the letter found it to be a note of thanks for his autographs, which he had, of course, appended to the paper.

Spoken With Patriotic Pride.

"You have nothing that carries with it the charm of antiquity," said the European.

"Oh, yes, we have," answered the rich American. "It won't be long before we have the market in that line cornered. We're buying up antiques faster than you can make 'em."

LOCATION OF EDEN

MANY REGIONS ASSOCIATED WITH LOST PARADISE.

Finding of Spot Has Always Been One of the Fascinating Pursuits of Ages, But Quest Seems Hopeless.

Every once in awhile an ingenious theorist arises with the announcement that the Garden of Eden has at last been located. The world is concerned more for the restitution to the race of a large measure of the innocence and happiness that is associated with the lost paradise than it is with the location of the place which is woven into the majestic lines of Milton in his pictures of the creation and the tragedy of the garden. Nevertheless, the strength of human interest in the facts of human origin makes the location of the Garden of Eden one of the fascinating pursuits of the ages. As there is no known spot upon the face of the earth that corresponds with the features attributed to the location of Eden, and as, even admitting the validity of the Bishop Ussher chronology, there has elapsed sufficient time for the utter transformation of the physical aspects of Eden as described in Genesis, the hunt for the actual Eden seems hopeless.

The cradle of the race undoubtedly lies somewhere in the east, and accepting the Indo-European theory of race identity of the Caucasian races, it would seem as though the approximate birthplace of this branch of the human family could be placed. But ethnologists are themselves astounded as they endeavor to track the path of humanity and to trace the breakup of the race into its many branches, through the evidence of language and other enduring records. They are unopposed and cannot arrive at a common agreement, excepting that, after research has reached to the farthest limit, the borderland of civilization appears to be brought little nearer.

Nevertheless, there is no tradition among the nations so entrancing as that of Eden. Hardly a nation of the ancient east but that retains the story among its folk lore. But the tradition has traveled westward and has spread over the whole world. Even the Sandwich Islanders, the people of the Pamirs, and it is even said the Eskimos, have traditions of Eden not dissimilar from the story of Genesis. The records of the Aztecs disclose the story of the serpent delineated unmistakably in the picture language of that ancient people. But while the valley of Mexico has the credit of being one of the spots identified with the location of Eden, on the other hand the north pole is a candidate for the honor, it being claimed that Eden was wiped out by the advance of the ice sheet during the glacial ages. South and Central America, Mexico, the Sahara desert, the jungles of the dark continent—almost every tropical country—has its defenders in this respect.

The point of these claims usually rests upon evidence of the existence of a race earlier than any of which history has knowledge. But as these ancient stocks are scattered throughout the globe, this appears to prove nothing. But tradition, world-wide, enshrines the Garden of Eden among the beliefs of widely dissimilar peoples, and this fact itself indicates the early identity of the races of mankind. The Mexican tradition, relating as it does to this continent, has especial interest. This assumes there was a race of human beings on this continent many thousands of years ago, and this is to some extent confirmed by discoveries along the Pacific coast of South America. Traces of a race and a civilization have been discovered there, which go far back of recorded time. It also seems that in some way or other there was land connection between America and the east. This appears to be given some plausibility by explorations of the oceans. There are reasons for believing that a continent which once stood between this country and the east sank into the sea and the fabled Atlantis was a part of it.

Medicines Worth Much Money.

"Speaking of spring tonics," said an auctioneer, "I have often auctioned off a single pill for as much as \$25,000. 'I once sold an antitubercular pill for \$7,500. For a consumption, cancer and half-growing pill I got \$8,500 in 1901. It was a headache pill that I sold for the record price of \$50,000, a large blue pill of sweetish taste. 'Of course I mean that I sold, along with these pills, the recipe for their making—sold, in other words, the business. And what a business is sometimes represented by a tiny pink or white or brown pill—a business 40 or 60 years old and yielding an annual profit of \$10,000 or \$20,000.'"

Acme of Art.

Donald, who was a fisher, started to dress his own flyhooks. He was met by a cronie one day, who said: "I hear you've begun to dress yer ain hooks now, Donald. Is that true?" "It's a' that," answered Donald. "An' can yer put them up anything natural-like?" inquired the cronie.

"I dinna ken for that," replied Donald, "but there wis a spider ran awa' wi' two o' them yesterday."

Fair Division of Property. "Well, they are divorced."

"Amicably?"

"Oh, yes. He got the dog and she got the rubber plant."

Students at Manual Labor. There is a scarcity of laborers in Sweden but plenty of college students. Three hundred young men from the University of Upsala have accepted employment in the fields for this year's harvest season.

PARADE FROM THE RUSSIAN.

Well Might We All Say "I, Too, Am But a Sinner."

Ivan Ovanovich was a housebreaker and for a long time success attended on his crimes, but at last he was taken and sent to Siberia. There he remained 17 years.

He had gone to Siberia a hardened and bitter man. He returned home kind and humble, for in those barren wastes God had revealed his truth to him. God had softened his heart.

And Ivan Ovanovich, in order to atone for his many crimes, took the little money he had saved in prison and set forth on the long pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

After many hardships he reached the holy city. He saw the sepulcher, the mount, the garden. And the burden of his sins was lightened and he wept any prayer.

One day a beggar asked him for alms.

"I have nothing, brother."

"Dog, you liar!"

And the beggar struck down the aged pilgrim with his iron-shod staff, searched him, and finding that he had indeed no money, made off.

But Ivan Ovanovich lay by the roadside, blood flowing from a great wound in his head. All night he lay there in the cold and in the morning they found him and took him to a hospital. It was said that he would die.

As he lay dying six vagabonds, the beggar among them, were brought into the room and ranged at his bedside.

"Tell us, Ivan Ovanovich," said the prefect, "which of these men struck you down—for one them it was—and his crime shall be expiated on the gallows."

The eyes of the dying man closed and he said in a weak, sad voice: "Let him go, whoever he may be, for I, too, am but a criminal."

ALL FEARED THE COMET.

Frenchman's Opinion Caused Uneasiness for Many Years.

It was falsely reported a few weeks ago that an eminent Italian astronomer had made an awful prophecy as to the havoc about to be wrought upon this planet by a comet. The incident had a memorable precedent in the case of Joseph Jerome Lafrancais de Lalande, the popular French astronomer of a century ago. Lalande differed from Newton's view that Providence had so arranged matters as to make collision of the earth with a comet impossible and wrote a paper to prove that it was only very improbable. This paper, which was to have been read with others before the French academy on a certain day in 1773, got crowded out; but the Parisian public, hearing of it, made up its mind that Lalande had predicted the impending destruction of the earth and sure panic ensued that the police had to order the publication of the paper to reassure the public mind. But even then it was popularly believed that the paper had been deliberately toned down and comet panics continued for a quarter of a century.

Centenarians in Great Britain.

Once more woman has demonstrated her superior vitality, to the discomfort of mere man. Of the centenarians who died in the United Kingdom during last year 42 were women and only a paltry 16 were men; in 1905 the numbers were 36 and 22, respectively, and in 1904, 41 and 23. During the last ten years the women who died after completing 100 years, at least, of life, exceeded the male centenarians by 327 to 177—an advantage of nearly 85 per cent.

Tested by the length of life, woman can equally claim the superiority. Bridget Danaher, who died last March in Limerick, was said to be 112 years old; Mary O'Hare, another daughter of Erin, was only two years younger, and Mrs. Sarah Egan, of King's County, was credited with 107 years, while Bridget Somers, who ended her days in Silgo Workhouse in March, 1904, had reached the ripe old age of 114. So healthy is Ireland that it is said she has at present more than 500 centenarians, while England, Scotland and Wales can only muster 192 among them.

The Only Cat She Had, Too.

A woman went to Justice Miller's court the other afternoon and said to Clem Ellinger, the clerk, according to the Kansas City Times:

"I want you to come right out to my house and arrest my husband."

"Why?" asked the clerk.

"He got drunk yesterday, hit his boss and got fired," said the woman. "Then he came home and killed the cat—and it's the only cat I've got left."

"Well, I can't arrest a man for killing a cat," Mr. Ellinger replied, "but I'll tell what I can do. I know where you can get another cat."

The woman took the address and left.

An Optimist.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is an optimist?"

"An optimist, my son, is a man who believes the weather bureau when its predictions are favorable and who congratulates himself on its unreliability when they are not."

Students at Manual Labor. There is a scarcity of laborers in Sweden but plenty of college students. Three hundred young men from the University of Upsala have accepted employment in the fields for this year's harvest season.

MORE THAN QUEEN

WAS DOLLY MADISON IN THE LONG AGO.

Ruled Long Over American Hearts, the First Lady of the Land—Marriage with Madison Was Her Second.

Dolly Madison! Truly the name itself is one to conjure with. To one even who forgets all the dates and battles and great generals and other momentous events of history, it clings with persistence like the lingering perfume of some old sweetness, writes Cora A. Moore in Broadway. It means dainties and coquetry and laughing eyes and all the charm and witchery that make some women wonderful. All this Dolly was, the demure Quaker maiden from Philadelphia, who burst from the chrysalis of a somber girlhood to the brilliant butterfly existence of a womanhood that found her the absolute queen of society, the arbiter of the positions of the day, the first lady of the land!

Her parents, who were Friends, had moved from Virginia to Philadelphia for the advantages of the religious associations here afforded. Dorothea—they called her Dorothea then—used to walk on Chestnut street in that afternoon promenade which Chestnut street still celebrates, and she wisely watched the ladies of fashion in their gay brocades and bright-colored silk stockings that peeped beneath their petticoats; for her heart dearly loved all the sinful, pretty fancies that her faith rebuked. At 19 she married, as her parents wished, John Todd, a staid and proper Quaker, a lawyer of Philadelphia. At 23 she was a widow, and then it was that she began to develop as herself.

Aaron Burr had asked permission to bring to call on her one of the rising statesmen of the day, and all in a flutter the gay young widow wrote a woman friend that the "great little Madison" is coming to see me this evening. She got herself up in a mulberry satin gown that set off to advantage the pearly white and delicate rose tints of her complexion, and when, in her mother's candle lighted parlor, she extended a soft, dimpled hand to the unimpressive little man in a suit of black, with ruffled shirt and silver shoe buckles, he was almost overcome by the radiance of her beauty, the laughing eyes of Irish blue and the saucy black curls that escaped from the demure cap of white tulle. She was the loveliest woman he had ever met, and he went at once about his wooing. In a few months the rumor of an engagement was afloat in society. Martha Washington, with the privilege of a family connection, made bold to ask Mrs. Todd how matters stood. When the widow blushing admitted the truth, she was assured that it was all right and that the match should have the blessing of President and Mrs. Washington.

There followed a splendid wedding. The dim colored Quaker abode in Philadelphia was not grand enough, and so it was celebrated in Virginia, at Harwood, the home of the bride's sister, and it was a very different scene from the first wedding that took place in the Friends' meeting house.

The Snow-hoe Rabbit.

Nature has tried many means of saving her own from the snow death; some, like the woodchuck, she puts to sleep till the snows shall be over. Others she teaches to store up food and to hide—so she deals with the woodmouse. To still others, as the moose, she furnishes tools. The last means she employs is snow shoes. This, the simplest, most scientific, and best, is the equipment of the snowshoe rabbit, the Wabasso of Hlawaitha—a wonderful creature, born of a snowdrift, crossed with a little brown hare.

The moose is like a wading bird of the shore that has stilt and can wade well for a space, but that soon reaches the limit beyond which it is no better off than a land bird. But the snowshoe is like the swimmer—it skims over the surface where it will, not caring if there be one or 1,000 feet of the element below it. In this lies its strength.

Wabasso has another name—the varying hare—because it varies in color with the season; and the seasons in all its proper country are of two colors, brown for six months, white for six. So all summer long, from mid-April till mid-October, the northern hare is a little brown rabbit. Then comes the snowy cold, the brown coat is quickly shed, a new white coat appears, the snowshoe grows fuller—and the little brown hare has become a white hare, the snowshoe hare of the woods.—Everybody's Magazine.

A Curious Fact.

"I have had some very strange letters of introduction," said the caller. "My friend," answered Senator Sorghum, "I don't rely too far on communications of that kind. A man will give you a letter of introduction describing you as 'possessed of every noble quality in human nature and in the next breath refuse to endorse your note for \$20.'"

A Good Beginning.

"My bean," said little Elsie, "is going to be an admiral."

"Indeed?" replied the visitor. "A cadet at the naval academy, I suppose?"

"Oh, he hasn't got that far yet, but he's had an anchor tattooed on his arm."—Catholic Standard and Times.

KISS BRINGS FIRE ENGINES.

Postman Embraced Girl, Who Upset Ladder Against Fire Box.

A simple little kiss, imprinted upon the lips of a pretty typewriter in one of the downtown office buildings one day last week, brought several fire engines and hook and ladder companies racing to the scene of possible conflagration, hurried out the police reserves, blocked Nassau street for half an hour and caused several thousand persons to congregate, according to the New York Press.

Tenants of the office building in question have noticed of late a flirtation between the handsome young letter carrier who delivers the mail and the pretty typewriter. At the office in which she is employed the letter carrier devoted far more time to picking out correspondence for the firm than was absolutely necessary.

The postman was swinging along the corridor the other day, his heart beating a trifle more quickly than usual, as he neared the office where his sweetheart is employed. Just then the door opened and she came out. The couple walked along a few steps together, chatting gaily. The corridor was deserted, and the gallant letter carrier decided to embrace the opportunity and the girl at the same time. He succeeded in kissing her, but the suddenness of the affair startled the girl and she broke away from his encircling arm. In so doing she upset a small ladder, which fell against the fire alarm box, smashing the glass and pressing the electric button in full accordance with the printed rules.

The girl led to her office and the postman disappeared around a corner of the corridor, and began delivering mail with headish rapidity. When the firemen arrived they saw the broken alarm and the prostrate ladder and promptly summed up the situation as a false alarm. They didn't know how the ladder happened to fall, but blamed the usual skylarking boys. But the girl knows and the postman knows. So does one of the tenants, who opened the door of his office just in time to see the comedy. But he isn't going to tell.

Infectious Sympathy.

Medical authorities and hospital boards here are wondering if yet not some mysterious but yet unfathomed infectious sympathy which produces appendicitis through overcontact with those suffering from the disease, says the Philadelphia Ledger. This state of mind is inspired by a remarkable series of attacks brought to light here.

Dr. Frederick Zimmer, chief surgeon in the City hospital, spent one afternoon operating on several critical cases, then went home to dine with his wife and daughter. Immediately after dinner Miss Stella Zimmer, a handsome girl of about 16, suddenly became very ill. Her father was amazed to find that she was suffering from appendicitis, and to verify his diagnosis called in two specialist colleagues on the hospital board.

Miss Zimmer was taken at once to the hospital and operated on.

The operation was performed about nine o'clock. Before the dawn had fairly broken Dr. Zimmer was urgently called back to attend one of the nurses who had assisted him at his daughter's operation. While he was operating on that nurse he got word that he would have to hurry and perform a similar operation on the other nurse, also suddenly stricken.

The Two Davises.

A number of years ago there were two men in the employ of the Santa Fe who were named Davis. One was James A. Davis, who was then in charge of the railroad's industrial department. The other Davis was in charge of the railroad's refrigerator line. James Davis was a "hot air" artist when the company always selected to "jolly" state legislatures.

The other Davis was also a genial fellow, but owing to the fact that he had charge of the feed goods which went over the road and would not hold a candle to James A. when it came to talking things out of people, he acquired the reputation of being somewhat chilly.

One day the president pushed the office boy's bell button and the young antecedent hastily put in an appearance.

"Boy," said the president, "tell Mr. Davis that I would like to see him right away."

The boy started for the door, hesitated, thought a moment, and then turning to the president he said:

"Mr. Davis, sir?"

"Yes, Mr. Davis."

"Hot or cold?"

The Stork and Its Ways.

The home of the stork is Holland and Denmark, but many birds of this variety are found in Germany and in Friesland. It is a familiar thing to see in any of these countries one or more large white birds sitting or standing in their house-top nests.

The stork sits southward in the winter and stays until it grows warm or in his real home. It is not a wild bird, though it has been found extremely difficult to introduce the stork into strange countries. Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to rear young birds in England.

Not Altogether Without Hope. "But," said the lawyer, "your case seems hopeless. I don't see what I can do for you. You admit that you bent your wife."

"Yes," replied the defendant, "but my wife's testimony will discount that. She never admits she was bent."

PALATABLE DISHES

SOME GOOD THINGS FOR THE COOK'S SCRAPBOOK.

Everyday Eatables Cooked in an Appetizing Way—A Sandwich for the Luncheon Table—Many Other Recipes.

Nut and Cheese Sandwiches.—Turn some hot water on the meats of English walnuts, let them stand for a few moments, skin them out and plunge them in cold water and rub off the skins. Run them through a food chopper, and add them to cream cheese, which has been reduced to a paste with cream or milk, and use as a filling for sandwiches.

Plain String Beans.—Put the contents of a can of string beans into a strainer and let the water from the faucet run through them until every bit of the liquor in which they were canned has been drained off. Turn them into a dish and cover them with salted cold water and let them stand an hour. Turn off this water, put the beans in sufficient boiling water to cover, and heat very quickly. Season with salt, pepper, and butter. Beans prepared in this manner, if a good brand is selected, can hardly be told from the freshly cooked beans.

Asparagus Soup.—Cut the tops off a bunch of asparagus and boil the tips and stalks separately. When the former are tender set them aside in the water in which they were cooked. When the stalks are tender mash them through a sieve. Bring a pint of milk to the boiling point, add a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour which have been rubbed together until smooth. Boil ten minutes, then add the tips and the water in which they were boiled. Season with salt and pepper. Add two tablespoonfuls of cream. Let it boil up and serve at once with toasted bread points.

Oatmeal Gems.—To two cups of rolled oats add a cup of sour milk and let them stand for several hours. They may be prepared at night for breakfast, or during the forenoon for a six o'clock dinner. When ready to bake add to the oats one beaten egg, one-half cup of molasses in which one teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, one cup of flour, and a little salt. Bake as soon as mixed. The loose rolled oats are much cheaper than the packaged goods and can usually be bought by the pound at any reliable grocery.

Potato Soup.—Boil six potatoes and one onion, when done sift potatoes into the water in which they have been boiled, season with salt and pepper; mix a little flour in milk or water and stir in; just before taking from the stove add milk to make it thin enough (three pints) and a small piece of butter.

Crumb Crust.—A crumb crust for a meat pie makes an agreeable change from the crust made like a biscuit dough, which is generally used. Make the pie in the usual manner, with layers of seasoned meat and a generous supply of gravy or stock. Have the bread crisp and put it through a meat chopper. Season the crumbs with salt, add

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MONEY MADNESS

It has been a European custom to sneer at what is called American greed, the passion for wealth which is supposed to affect every man and woman born beneath the Stars and Stripes. It is true that almost from the beginning Americans have been money-makers. Their reputation for keenness in business is world-wide and it is undoubtedly deserved. It is also unfortunately true that not all Americans are as particular as they might be regarding the methods employed in making money. There have been disquieting disclosures of fraud and unfair business dealings and of corruption in high places. We acknowledge all our faults, but we are not ready to admit that they are peculiar to Americans.

It has been said that money itself is of minor importance to Americans. They want it for the pleasure of spending it and they often accumulate it merely for the excitement of the pursuit of wealth. The game is more to them than the candle. With the average foreigner it is different. He wants money and he gets it in ways that the average American would scorn. The pursuit of American heiresses by titled Europeans has disgusted millions of our countrymen. They are unable to understand the desire for riches which prompts a man to marry with no other object than the attainment of wealth. The man who sells his family name for money impresses us as an object too pitiable even for scorn. The false pride which leads a man to gain what he desires in such a way, while he scorns honest work of any kind, seems to Americans to be utterly contemptible.

To select an example high in the social scale, King Leopold of Belgium has gone far beyond the most conscienceless of American money-seekers. He has stepped his soul in crime for no other purpose than to accumulate wealth to an extent which would horrify the most harshly criticized American. Not only has Leopold done all this, but he has been absolutely callous to the censure of the world and we all know that our pirates of industry dread exposure and public disapprobation almost as much as they dread the prison cell itself.

With the titled fortune hunter and King Leopold to their discredit, the aristocrats of Europe cannot scorn the American who devotes his life to the pursuit of riches. The man born in the United States is not ashamed of personal effort and is always willing to work hard himself to get what he wants. He does not depend upon a name made honorable by his ancestors to secure for him the riches he has no ability to get for himself.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS

Secretary Taft may not be hunting the proslavery, but if he sees the lightning coming he probably won't dodge.

Those Japanese who believe that looking for trouble should be the chief business of a nation would hardly seem to be the safest possible advisers.

Hotel accommodations at The Hague are said to be excellent, so the delegates to the peace conference will probably have a good time.

Harry Orchard evidently couldn't

find crimes enough on the calendar, so he invented a few.

Anyway, Christian Science is the best advertised creed that the world has recently known.

Another war is reported in Central America. It must be reckoned a dull day down there that passes without an international disagreement or a revolution.

Massachusetts Democrats are fighting among themselves. Harmony will probably be fully restored in the Democratic party when the party has ceased to exist.

Bryan is said to be seeking the support of Hearst. The latter gentleman has so infrequently supported a winner that it's a bit strange that even the erstwhile boy orator of the Platte should wish to be on his list.

President Roosevelt has been handing out some mighty good advice of late. The best of it is that, as a general proposition, he practices what he preaches.

The President of Guatemala wasn't assassinated. It wouldn't have made so much difference if he had been, for it would be as easy to start a civil war for the possession of his job as to cook up a revolution to drive him out of it.

OUR EXCHANGES

From a City Window

Day after day I watch this granite dream,
Turrets in marble, smoke-filled
skies afar,
And hear below me the enrushing
stream
That whispers where the weary
workers are.

The magic and ray wonder of it
all
I have not lost; but how my heart
has bled

For distant hills where Spring holds
carnival,
And Summer haunts her miracle
of red!

—Charles Hanson Towne in Broad-
way Magazine, June number.

We're Not Worrying

"Never mind the sorehead dis-
patches from Japan," says the sec-
retary of war. Enough said.—
Boston Herald.

No Good at All

A war on rats which promises to
be national in scope has been
started in St. Louis. What's the
use of peace conferences anyway?—
Springfield News.

The Real Trouble

J. Pierpont Morgan says this coun-
try is suffering from growing pains.
If the growth were evenly dis-
tributed nobody would complain.—
Lowell Sun.

Maybe He's Taking Chances

By allowing himself one lamb chop
a day, Upton Sinclair expresses his
faith in the theory that lamb chops
are not subject to the contaminations
that beset the jungle.—Bridford
Journal.

Or Looked It Up Tighter

Socialism seems to have soured
what used to be called "the im-
prisoned laughter of the peasants of
France."—New York Mail.

Wants a Training Bout or Two

Japan evidently thinks it ought to
get into a scrap with somebody just
to keep in practice.—Portland Ex-
press.

FOR STAHL'S WIDOW

Baseball Game to be Played in Bos-
ton Today

Boston, Mass., June 13—The base-
ball fans of Boston and vicinity will
turn out in force today to witness a
game between the Boston American
League club and the Providence
team of the Eastern League, played
for the benefit of the widow of
"Chick" Stahl, the captain of the
Boston club, who died during the
training season this Spring.

Both clubs contributed their ser-
vices free and the benefit fund will be
further increased by contributions of
\$50 from each of the clubs in the
American League and \$500 from the
Boston club.

For a mild, easy action of the bow-
els, a single dose of Doan's Kidney
is enough. Treatment cures habit-
ual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask
your druggist for them.

Agricultural Prosperity.

Signs multiply pointing to another
year of agricultural prosperity. From
every direction come reports that the
hardier grains and fruits are doing
well, and in the winter wheat region
the prospects are particularly cheer-
ing. The New York Tribune has made
careful inquiry in the great grain-pro-
ducing states, and announces that
"the year's wheat crop will be a
bumper one, despite reports of bugs
and drought; that Kansas, the fore-
most wheat-growing state, has the
largest winter wheat acreage ever
planted, with the growing grain classi-
fied at 100, or perfect condition; that
Iowa is planning for the greatest har-
vest ever gathered there; that in Ne-
braska the condition of winter wheat
is 100, while Minnesota and South Da-
kota seem certain of big yields, with
increased acreage and plants in un-
usually fine condition. In some parts
of the middle west there has been a
slight falling off, and in Texas and
Oklahoma some damage by bugs has
been wrought, but the general outlook
is most reassuring. And a big year
for crops means steadiness and confi-
dence in commercial circles.

It is interesting to know that the
Golden Rose of Virtue, which the pope
has decided to bestow on the queen
of Spain, and which was first pre-
sented by Pope Urban VI. to Johanna
of Sicily, is a mimic plant of pure gold
standing in a golden pot. The leaves
of the plant are set with small dia-
monds in imitation of dew drops. A
palm leaf blessed by the pope is set
in the central flower. Among the liv-
ing princesses who possess the Golden
Rose are Queen Christina of Spain
and ex-Empress Eugenia. It is the
highest order that the pope can con-
fer on a Catholic princess.

Portraits of prominent Americans
appear upon postage stamps, internal
revenue stamps and paper money, but
never on coins. And it has been the
custom, considered a wise one, to use
no portraits of live men even on the
currency and the stamps. In England,
as soon as King Edward succeeded
Queen Victoria, the queen's face gave
way to that of Edward on all the coins
and stamps in the British empire.

Immigration statistics just made
public in Honolulu confirm the influx
of Japanese into this country by way
of Hawaii. During the year 1906, 18,187
Japanese arrived in Honolulu from
Japan, which exceeded the immigra-
tion of the previous year by more
than threefold. The number of Japa-
nese leaving Hawaii for the Pacific
coast during 1906 was 12,187.

Lord Lister, the distinguished Brit-
ish surgeon, who recently joined the
grand army of octogenarians, in court
circles is known as "Lord Dilliverus."
This nickname comes from his having
enjoyed the distinction of being pre-
sent at the birth of every prince and
princess in Great Britain for more
than a generation.

They were not wanting people who
avowed that Russia and Japan would
never keep their agreement to evacu-
ate Manchuria and give it over to
China, but they have done so, thus
proving that there is honor among
nations, even if one is "heathen" and
the other semi-barbarous.

A college girl out in New York is
going into business this summer as
an Adirondack guide. If the Maine
girls ever follow her example, the
guides now licensed for the Maine
wilderness may have to cut rates in order
to get business.

Twelve hundred dollars has been
awarded a Missouri woman for the
loss of a dimple. That's cheap. Many
a man has mortgaged his life for one
of the same things—and been happy
ever afterward.

New South Wales offers \$30 a head
toward the passage money of approved
agriculturists and domestic servants to
that colony, and \$20 a head for other
desirable immigrants.

The married man should begin now
to save up for next year's Easter hat.
By laying aside only a dollar a week
for this purpose, he can achieve quite
a satisfactory result.

The people of Colorado are so con-
fident that publicity pays large divi-
dends that they are going to spend
a fund in advertising the state's re-
sources.

The scientific name of the green
bug that threatens the wheat crop is
toxoptera graminum. Take it home and
try it on your graphophone.

Every Judge in Baden, before he
takes his seat on the bench, is re-
quired by law to pass two weeks, like
a common prisoner, in jail.

Farmers are advised by the agricul-
tural department to use skunks to ex-
terminate grasshoppers. Why not
try gasoline automobiles?

A lone bandit in Montana robbed a
stage of \$28,000. Unfortunately it was
not stage money he got.

Dan Cupid.

A pleasant feature of the congres-
sional parties that make journeys
abroad is the fact that Dan Cupid
seems always to be a passenger. He
went to the Philippines, and three
matches resulted. Mr. Longworth, of
Ohio; Mr. Cockran, of New York, and
Mr. Sherley, of Kentucky, all surren-
dered to influences insuring their hap-
piness for life. And now the steamer
Bluecher is no sooner docked on her
return with the Cannon party from
the West Indies than the engagement
of two of the company is announced.
What is it that makes love the pre-
valent and compelling topic at such
times? asks the Washington Star.
Does a discussion of Uncle Sam's new
responsibilities lead to it? Or does the
delightful imprisonment on shipboard
explain it? Whatever the explanation,
the fact exists, and it may result in
making such trips exceedingly popu-
lar. The curiosity of congress as to
our outlying possessions may come to
overshadow everything else.

Sir Robert Ball, who has arrived in
New York, is professor of astronomy
at Cambridge university. "America
has done much in advancing the study
of astronomy," he says. "It is really
here in America now that all the great
discoveries in astronomy are made." While
in this country he will be the
guest of Andrew Carnegie and will at-
tend the dedication of the Carnegie
Institute, in Pittsburgh.

At Krupp's, in Essen, an army of
10,000, fed with coal and iron from
vast private mines, turn out engines of
destruction by the thousand. There
are another 12,000 men at Lord Arm-
strong's works in the north of Eng-
land, besides an aggregate of 40,000
more in the titanic government forges
of Great Britain, France, Germany,
Austria, Italy, Japan and Russia, and
these thousands are quite apart from
armor plate makers and builders of
battleships.

Oh, yes, the Long Island woman
who left in her will a provision of
\$15 a month for the support of a
scotch collie dog knew that there were
poor children in the world, but when
she was attacked by a robber in front
of her home, about a year ago, the
dog sprang at the man's throat and
he ran away and she was grateful.

In Canada the French settlers still
continue to use large brick ovens out
of doors such as were built in France
250 years ago. The perfection of the
stove and range in the last 50 years
has driven many of these ovens out of
commission, but many of the inhabi-
tants think that no good baking can
be done in any other oven.

An irreverent Yale student has col-
lected statistics of reading done in the
university which show incidentally
that Yale professors take on an aver-
age only about eight or ten books a
year from the college library—but
that's nothing. Yale professors don't
read books; they write them.

Enough Chinamen have already
sworn that they are natives of this
country to credit every Chinese woman
in the United States with 38 births.
Better start an oriental annex to the
Annals club.

A Miss Farningham lays claim to
being the oldest woman journalist of
England. No one has claimed the
honor in America, and there are lots
of woman journalists in this country,
too.

Alphonse Mucha, the noted French
artist, has come to America to live
and is now teaching art in New York.
He was born in Moravia in 1860, but
has lived in Paris most of his life.

Margaret Anglin says there may be
poetry in the act of sweeping a room.
Of course, and think of the rhythm
there may be in rubbing a pair of
socks on a washboard.

Jacob A. Ellis says one of the presi-
dent's maxims is: "Have all the fun
that is coming to you." Chancellor
Day's maxim is: "Never be cheerful if
you can help it."

Science might find it worth while to
ascertain whether there is anything in
the Panama climate that tends to
cause a certain frascibility of mood.

The German emperor has evidently
lost all interest in the theories he
once so vigorously championed as to
the necessity of war.

Now that Cuba has a large surplus
accumulated in her treasury, it is no
wonder that she is restive under Yan-
kee intervention.

"Every woman under 30 thinks she
is an actress," according to Ellen
Terry, and every woman is pretty near
right, at that.

Women should be teachers in pri-
mary schools only, according to a Col-
umbia instructor, who, of course, is a
man.

It's a long lane to the end of the
championship season, and there's sure
to be many a turning.

PENNSYLVANIA DEMOCRATS:

To Have a Preliminary Meeting at
the State Capital

Harrisburg, Pa., June 13.—Mem-
bers of the Democratic state com-
mittee will meet today to confer in
regard to the time and place for hold-
ing the state convention. A major-
ity appear to favor a late date for
the convention and the gathering
probably will be held the latter part
of August. The convention will
name a candidate for state treasurer
to succeed William H. Berry. Among
those whose names are already
prominently mentioned for the nomi-
nation are Senators J. Henry Coch-
ran of Lycoming and Arthur G. De-
Walt of Lehigh.

PRESIDENT TUCKER REGAINING
HEALTH

President William J. Tucker of
Dartmouth is rapidly regaining health
at Hagerstown, Nantucket, and his
physicians believe that he will be
able to resume his duties, in part, at
least, when college opens in the
Fall.

NEW HAMPSHIRE OUT OF IT

The Laconia team of the New
Hampshire-Vermont Baseball League
has been transferred to Plattsburg, N.
Y., and it is now said that the West
Manchester team may be placed in
Rutland. Should it be decided to do
this, there will not be a New Hamp-
shire team left in the league.

"Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the
best remedy for that often fatal dis-
ease—croup. Has been used with
success in our family for eight
years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo,
N. Y.

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Broadway & 2nd Street.

Notice to Carriage Gatherers.

Receipts used by carriage gatherers must
be right and well covered. Penalty for failure
to comply with this law is a fine of ten (\$10)
dollars for each offense.

JUN 10, 1907.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

ch. 6

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40 CENTS.

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H. Moore, care of Randall, 44 Con-
gress street. ch Je 13 1w.

WANTED TO BUY FARM—If you
wish to buy or sell your farm,
write us. No office charge. Farm-
ers Real Estate & Loan Co., 52
Unity Bldg., Chicago, Ill. ch Je 13 1w.

TO LET—House, all modern conven-
iences. Inquire at 3 Rockland street
or 26 Penhallow street. ch 381t

WANTED—A kitchen girl at 19 1-2
Cabot street. J6chtw

WANTED—House painters. Long
job. Apply to J. E. Hoxie, 58 State
street. ch-m24-tf

FOR SALE—A restaurant paying
\$1500 yearly for \$550, less than fix-
tures cost. Reason for selling, go-
ing west. Address, Lock Box 87,
Newburyport, Mass. ch-m22-tf

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand
doors. Inquire at this office. ch15t

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis
lands, fronting on beach. Address
B. F. D., this office. ch18t

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at
this office.

PRINTING—Get estimates from the
Chronicle or all kinds of work.

FOR SALE—Electric motors; one 12
horse power, one 3 horse power.
Inquire at this office.

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Fur-
nished Rooms, etc., can be had at
the Chronicle office.

FOR SALE—Large bank desk, form-
erly used at Portsmouth Savings
Bank. Inquire at this office. ch15t

LOST—A silver belt pin, an acorn
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Experience unnecessary. Her-
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European Plan.

PRIVATE DINING ROOMS

THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES

A SPECIALTY.

—STRICTLY FIREPROOF.

European Plan.

"FAKE" JEWELRY

Placed Under The Ban
By Federal Law

PASSED AT LAST SESSION
OF CONGRESS

New Act Of The National Legislature
In Effect Today

ATTEMPTS WILL BE MADE TO SECURE
LEGISLATION IN STATES

Washington, June 12.—The law enacted at the last session of Congress to prohibit false stamps on gold and silver articles entering into interstate or foreign commerce goes into effect today.

The reform has long been agitated by leading American manufacturers of jewelry, silverware, watches and optical supplies. As the federal statute, however, applies only to interstate and foreign commerce it will be necessary for the state legislatures to pass similar laws in order to protect the domestic trade. In some of the states a stamping law has been enacted.

The association of manufacturers will now devote its energies toward the adoption of uniform laws in other states. When this has been done it will put an end to the extensive traffic now carried on in fake jewelry and silverware bearing counterfeit stamps as to quality and manufacture.

KALEY TO LEAVE THE STATE

Gen. Frank E. Kaley of Milford, one of the most prominent business

men of New Hampshire, is to remove from this state to New York, having taken a position with the American Thread Company. Gen. Kaley has served in both houses of the state legislature, was a member of the world's fair commission for New Hampshire in 1896, a member of the Governor's council during the term of Gov. Bachelder and was on the staff of Gov. McLane.

HE CLAIMED PORTSMOUTH

But Portsmouth Has no Desire to Claim Him

The Portland police made up what is known as tramp's retreat on Wednesday and among the five knights of the road gathered in was one, Charles Murphy, who says he belongs in Portsmouth. He put up an awful tale of woe to Judge Hill in police court but his big tears failed to touch the heart of the Portland magistrate and he was sent to jail for forty days.

Murphy, of course, gave the police a phony name and residence as there is no such man here.

In court he said that he had a wife and two children in Portsmouth, and took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his eyes when he spoke of them. "I know I have been doing wrong," he added. "When I was coming away I told my wife that I was going and she said it was just as well and told me that she would be better off without me. But I will try to find some work and send her and the children some money if you will let me go."

He told a good story, but Judge Hill seemed to think that the tears were not of the right kind and sentenced him along with the others.

CONGREGATIONALISTS AT ATKINSON

D. F. Borthwick of this city read a paper on "The Problem of Business Life" at the meeting of the Rockingham conference of Congregational and Presbyterian churches at Atkinson on Wednesday. Rev. Dr. Edward Robie of Greenland conducted devotional service and Rev. Frank E. Rand of Newington assisted at the communion service.

JEWELS WERE TAKEN

Lady Well Known Here Victim
of Thieves

FOUR VALUABLE RINGS AND A
WATCH MISSING

Mrs. Ellen H. Stoddard of Boston, a Summer resident of this city, was the victim of a thief at the Hotel Brunswick in the Massachusetts metropolis Tuesday morning. Four rings and a watch, valued at \$500 and priceless because of their associations, were taken.

One of the rings was Mrs. Stoddard's wedding ring, engraved with the initials "E. M. S. to E. L. H." The other rings included one set with an oval shaped amethyst, a second set with two large diamonds and an emerald and a solitaire diamond ring set with a red stone.

The watch is of Swiss manufacture and was given to Mrs. Stoddard by her husband at the time of her wedding in 1865.

Mrs. Stoddard left the watch and rings in her room during a brief absence to do some shopping and upon her return they were missing. Her money and several jewel boxes, containing rings, brooches, chains and other valuables were untouched.

The police were notified, but there is as yet no clue to the identity of the thief.

RECEIVE DIPLOMAS

York High School Seniors Have
Graduation Exercises

Commencement exercises for the class of 1907, York High School, were held in the First Congregational Church at York Village on Wednesday evening. Seven members of the class received diplomas, Ray William Freeman, Lenora Goldie Webber, Harold Eugene Weare, Kingman Charles Perkins, Edwina Gertrude Ramsdell, Nellie Arlena Shaw and Ruth Howard Nowell.

The program for the commencement exercises was as follows:

Music.
Prayer.
Music.
Salutatory, Ray William Freeman.
Essay, "The Relation of Education to Business," Lenora Goldie Webber.
History, Harold Eugene Weare.
Monolog, "An Auto Ride," Ruth Howard Nowell.

Music.
Prophecy, Nellie Arlena Shaw.
Essay, "What Shall We Read?" Edwina Gertrude Ramsdell.
Valedictory, Kingman Charles Perkins.

Music.
Presentation of diplomas.
Benediction.
Music, High School orchestra.
The class colors are crimson and white, the class flower the crimson carnation and the class motto, "De die ad diem."

NEWS FOR SPORT LOVERS

Second Baseman Butman of the Somersworth High School team was guilty of what looked like a very unsportsmanlike action in the game with Portsmouth High at The Plains on Wednesday afternoon. Butman was attempting to steal second, but found his path blocked by McPheters, shortstop for Portsmouth, with the ball. The Somersworth man ran into McPheters with great force, stretching the Portsmouth player upon the ground. He failed to accomplish his apparent object, however, for McPheters touched the base runner with the ball and held it, despite his violent fall. Young Butman may have had no malicious intention, but he should be less reckless in his base running; otherwise he may some day seriously injure an opposing player.

It is seldom that a pitcher so completely loses his nerve as did Moran of Somersworth after hitting Quinn with the ball on Wednesday. Moran was frightened nearly to death and refused to be comforted, even after being assured that Quinn was not badly hurt. His grief did Moran credit, for many pitchers would have regarded such an accident merely as an incident of the game and would have been little affected by it.

William E. Hawkes of Malden, Mass., has been elected manager of the Phillips Exeter Academy baseball team for next season. His assistant will be George B. Cortelyou, Jr., son of the secretary of the treasury. Edward M. Peak of Norwalk, O., will manage the track team.

The Boston Americans have reinstated Pitcher Joe Harris, suspended some time ago for failure to get in condition.

Ralph Glaze does not look so much like a big league box artist as he did a month or so ago. He has been hit hard in the games he has recently pitched.

Bowdoin sprung a surprise on Harvard on Wednesday, beating the Crimson nine five to four.

Tim Hurley hasn't been playing especially good ball with the Manchester team of the Maine State League of late.

Princeton has elected Left Fielder E. M. W. Harlan as its baseball captain for next season.

The Portsmouth High School baseball team showed lots of fight in the game with Somersworth High on Wednesday. That's the spirit that wins games, boys.

It is worthy of comment that no Somersworth High School team had played in this city up to Wednesday since the football defeat here in the Fall of 1905. Somersworth cancelled the baseball game scheduled in this city last Spring and failed to keep two engagements to play football here last Fall, without giving any good reason.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals and Departures From Our Harbor June 12

Arrived

Tug Teaser, Calhoun, Philadelphia, towing barge Paxtang, with 1,550 tons of coal to A. W. Walker; tug sailed on return with barge Trevor-ton.

Tug Wyoming, McGoldrick, towing barges Bee from Portland, Burden and Byssus from Saco; picked up barge Baltic and sailed for Perth Amboy.

Tug Georges Creek, Kelly, Portland; picked up barge No. 24 and sailed for Baltimore.

Cleared

Schooner J. Holmes Birdsall, Peckworth, Brunswick, Ga., (and anchored outside).

Schooner Ada J. Campbell, Sullivan, Pleasant River and New York (and sailed).

Barge No. 24, Baltimore.

U. S. tug Uncas, Norcott, Provincetown.

Sailed

U. S. F. C. steamer Gannet, Portland.

Steamer Rebecca, Newburyport.

Schooner Rebecca G. Whittier, Stonington, Me.

Light southerly winds.

GREAT GATHERING

Of Members of the Order of Hibernians in This City

One of the largest gatherings of the Order of Hibernians ever held for degree work in this state will be that in this city on Sunday afternoon, when the local division will have exemplified the third and fourth degrees. Seventy-eight candidates will appear for these degrees, fifty from Portsmouth and twenty-eight from Exeter.

Every division in Strafford county will be represented by large delegations and the crack degree team of the state, from Somersworth, will perform the work.

WON'T PERMIT IT

Police Will Stop the Practice of Exchanging Licenses

The police are having trouble with fruit peddlers, who under the new law are required to do business under a license. They have frequently been found peddling with licenses issued to other parties.

The police will see that all engaged in this business have the necessary papers and will stop the transferring of licenses from one to another.

GOOD RACE PROMISED

One of the important features of the program of sports planned for July 4 will be the race on the river between the famous boat "Blue Bird," owned by Charles Granville Asay, the Water street barber, and Billy Merrifield's skiff "Bubbles."

Both men are in training for the event, which will be decided by a good long pull under the skillful eye of Capt. James Hennessey, the old salt of the Piscataqua.

KITTERY LETTER.

(Continued from first page.)

two months ago has resumed his duties on the Atlantic Shore line.

Everett Capchard of Portsmouth visited friends in town on Wednesday.

Schooner Annie F. Conlan, Capt. Horace M. Seaward, arrived at Mayport, Fla., with a cargo of coal from Philadelphia on Saturday after a passage of eleven days. Ho reports calm, heavy sea and headwinds and considering these made a very good passage.

Conductor Harry Wakefield has been enjoying a vacation of a week. Joseph P. Keene, well known here, died on Wednesday at his home at York Beach.

Capt. D. D. Gilchrist went to Portland on Wednesday and took out a license for master of steam vessels before Inspector George A. Pollister.

The coaster Alma, owned and commanded by Capt. George C. Kelly, which has harbored here scores of times since she came under the American flag in 1900, was abandoned in the Bay of Fundy on Tuesday while on a passage from Sackville, N. B., to Philadelphia with laths.

Mrs. Sarah Snow and Warren Mansion of Medford, Mass., are in town, called by the death of their relative, Mrs. Lydia Mansion.

William Dean Howells returned on Wednesday from Boston accompanied by Mrs. Howells, whom he joined there on her way from New York.

The harbor is nearly empty for the first time in weeks.

Barge Moline is on the way to this port from Philadelphia.

A NEW WORK TRAIN

The Boston and Maine railroad has put a construction train on the double track work between Portsmouth and Conway Junction. The train and crew put up in this city.

MAGLE-NASH

Robert J. Magle of Charlestown, Mass., and Miss Martha M. Nash of East Boston were married at City Hall on Wednesday.

A Difficult Choice.
A London literary critic thinks that laughter is unusual. Physicians say it is a splendid aid to digestion. Shall we be morally dyspeptic or unmorally happy?

He's Entitled to It.
The dog that barks at the moon gets the same kind of satisfaction that is experienced by a weak man who scoffs at the work a great man does.

Brick House Most Lasting.
A stone house is not so durable as one of brick. A brick house, well constructed, will outlast one built of granite.

Arthur Dedes

33 Market St.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Fruit Dealer

Just received, 100 Boxes California Oranges, \$2.75, \$3.35, \$3.75 per box.

BANANAS

Bunch of 8 hands, . . . \$1.25
Bunch of 9 hands, . . . 1.65
Number 1 Bananas, . . . 2.00

100 Boxes Italian Lemons, \$4.25, \$4.50, \$4.75 per box.

DELIVERY TO ALL PARTS OF CITY

COAL AND WOOD

G. E. WALKER & CO.,

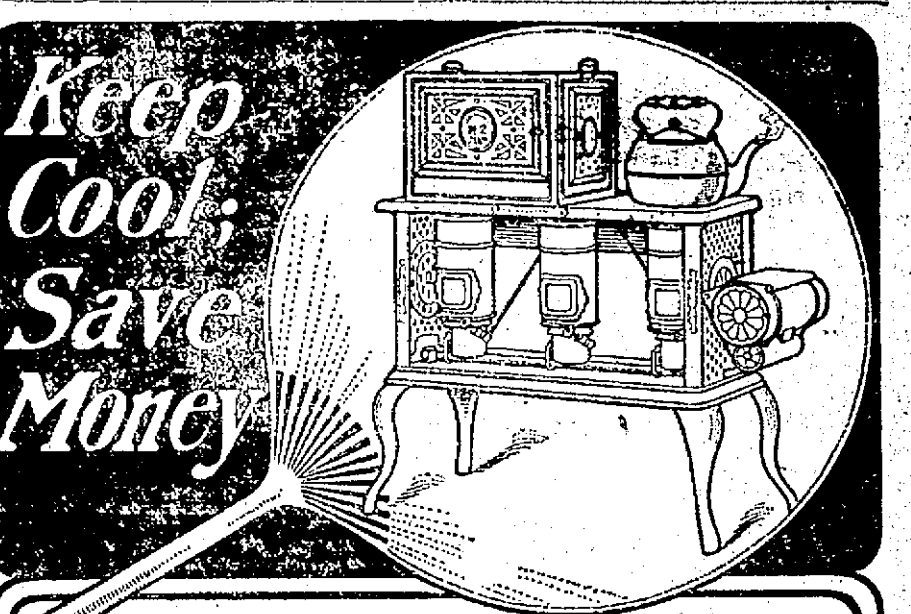
Commission Merchants

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Coal and Wood

Office, Cor State and Water Sts.

It will be recalled that the "Blue Bird" and "Bubbles" races were held on July 4, 1906, at the foot of the river. The "Blue Bird" was owned by Charles Granville Asay, the Water street barber, and Billy Merrifield's skiff "Bubbles." Both men are in training for the event, which will be decided by a good long pull under the skillful eye of Capt. James Hennessey, the old salt of the Piscataqua.



For cool cooking, less work and least fuel-expense use a
NEW PERFECTION
Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

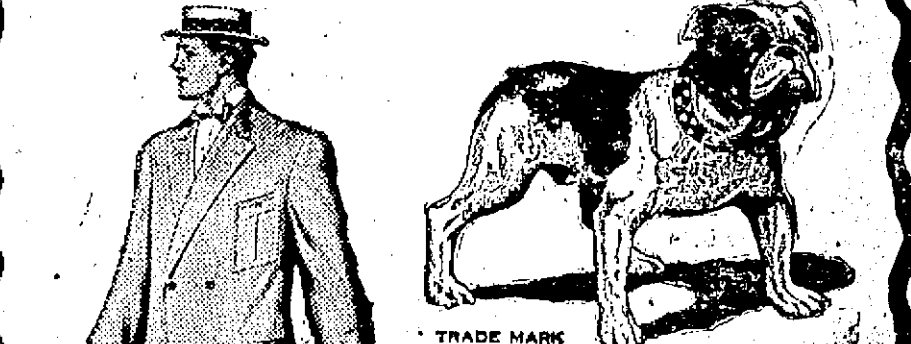
—the ideal stove for summer. Does everything that any other kind of stove will do. Any degree of heat instantly. Made in three sizes and fully warranted. At your dealer's, or write our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

The **Rayo Lamp** is the best lamp for all-round household use. Made of brass throughout and beautifully nickel-plated. Perfectly constructed; absolutely safe; unexcelled in light-giving power; an ornament to any room. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK (Incorporated)

WE CARRY AN UP-TO-DATE LINE OF FURNISHINGS.

Our Fancy Shirt, Hosiery and Underwear
Department Contains all the Newest
Goods of the Season.



TRADE MARK
Bull Dog Suspenders
MADE IN LIGHT AND HEAVY
WEBS FOR MEN AND YOUTH
Outwears three ordinary kinds
50 CENTS
WE SELL THEM

Why not be well dressed? Not fairly well, but entirely well? We clothe you as you should be clothed, and L. Adler Bros.' Best Clothes in America from \$15.00 to \$25.00 are sold by us. Other good makes from \$6.00 to \$15.00.

N. H. BEANE & CO.,

Boots, Shoes and Clothing,
NO. 3 CONGRESS ST.

LAWN MOWERS

THE LARGEST LINE EVER SHOWN IN THIS CITY

A. P. Wendell & Co.,

2 Market Square.

Commercial Club Whiskey

A Pure Beverage Especially Adapted for
Sickness. All First-class Dealers Keep It

BOTTLED BY EUGENE LYNCH, BOSTON, MASS.

Thomas Loughlin, Islington Street
AGENT FOR PORTSMOUTH

**Finer Foods
Daintier Desserts**

There'll be rejoicing at the table and all mouths will be luxuriously fed if the cook gets our book of
ORIGINAL RECIPES AND COOKING HELPS
and profits by the mine of information it contains for the betterment of foods in general. In it two well-known cooks give the benefit of much special study into the value of
**KINGSFORD'S
OSWEGO CORN STARCH**

as an aid in cooking and baking. It is a revelation of the magic power of this famous product, whose wholesomeness, purity and peculiarly delicate properties have made it the standard of quality for over half a century. Get the genuine Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch. Made for over fifty years at Oswego. All grocers, in pound packages, 10 cents.

**T. KINGSFORD & SON, OSWEGO, N. Y.
NATIONAL STARCH COMPANY,
SUCCESSORS.**

SPRING SUITINGS, OVERCOATINGS, VESTINGS AND TROWSERINGS.

Our stock is selected carefully, chosen with discriminating care and a ripened judgment in buying and selling from the best productions of the weaver's art, and as a consequence we offer the finest

Domestic and Imported Woolens

to be found in the city. Among the woolen certainties for Spring and Summer we show a full range of special patterns in exclusive designs and many decided novelties in all the newest weaves as well as the favorite staple goods.

Military and Naval Tailoring.

CHARLES J. WOOD,
3 PLEASANT STREET.

TELEPHONE 311-12.

The American Cloak Co.

Offers a Choice Selection of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS

At 10 Per Cent Discount

New and Stylish Suits for Ladies just received. Also

Waists, Skirts, Coats, Silk Underskirts, etc.

14 MARKET STREET
Terms—Cash or Credit.

NOBODY SPARED

Kidney Troubles Attack Portsmouth Men and Women, Old and Young Alike.

Kidney ills seize young and old alike—

Quickly come and little warning give.

Children suffer in their early years—

Can't control the kidney secretions. Girls are jaundiced, nervous, suffer pain.

Women worry, can't do daily work.

Robust men have lame and aching backs.

Old folks, weak, rheumatic, lame.

Endure distressing urinary ills.

The cure for man, for woman, or for child

Is to cure the cause—the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys—

Cure all the varied forms of kidney suffering.

Portsmouth testimony guarantees every box.

Mrs. A. G. Mace, living at 9 Madison St., Portsmouth, N. H., says:

"It is nearly eight years ago that I recommended Doan's Kidney Pills for the first time. My little girl had very weak kidneys and was unable to retain the kidney secretions, which were very annoying and nothing that we used seemed to help her until we tried Doan's Kidney Pills. A few doses relieved her, and in a short time she was entirely cured. I still heartily recommend any mothers whose children have weak kidneys to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

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A BOX OF CIGARS

By CHESTER BARNETT.

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Sharley closed the ledger with a resounding whack, slid the big volume into place, swept the litter of sales-books into a stack, raked pens, pencils, erasers and paper cutters into a drawer and, glancing up, looked into the uncompromising barrel of a tremendous black revolver. The lively tune which he had started whistling on finishing work ended on a high staccato.

"Don't move," the owner of the revolver said softly.

Sharley acted on the suggestion. A tall man, with the shoulders of an athlete, confronted him. The lower half of his face was covered by a China silk handkerchief, while a neat slouch hat was pulled down over his forehead.

"Mr. Raffles, I believe?" politely inquired Sharley.

"Umph! Why, yes, sir. And I have the pleasure of addressing a man equally famous. Mr. Jack Sharley, expert accountant? Oblige me by permitting your right hand to remain quiet. It displays a tendency to move toward that drawer. If you will allow me, our interests are centered in the safe behind you, and not in the desk."

"What!" said Sharley in mock surprise. "Are you interested in that, too? Then we have another tie that binds. What that safe contains, and what it should contain, constitute the terms of the hardest proposition that I have tried to solve for many moons. The gentleman whose work I am going over seems not only to have been a scoundrel, but a fool as well."

The burglar's eyes expressed more or less surprise.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Bur—or—Raffles, I'm glad you came along! I've a proposition to make."

Sharley paused, deliberating. The burglar watched him narrowly, with suspicious eyes studying each line of the bookkeeper's thin, expressive face.

"See here, old man, put up your gun there. I'm with you in this job."

A pause ensued, broken finally by a laugh from the burglar.

"You are a—accommodating. Sorry to say so, but I don't think I can use you. I believe I can manage it myself."

Sharley's face flushed a threatening red.

"You do what I tell you, and we will both get along better," continued the thief. "There's fifteen hundred dollars in that safe to-night, and I'll ask you to unlock the door and fork 'em over."

"Fifteen hundred!" Sharley laughed scornfully. "Why, man, you can take your paltry fifteen hundred. But if you are with me in this, it is fifteen thousand we are after."

The masked man started at this. Doubt struggled with greed for a moment before he answered.

"Well, I've got the drop on you, so I can afford to be magnanimous. What is your yarn about fifteen thousand dollars?"

"I'll spin no yarns while that cannon is smiling in my face. I tell you, the money's in the job. And there is no body on earth, outside of old Shipley and myself, who knows how to get at it. If you want to hear the plan, you can take the pistol out of this drawer and lay it alongside of your own on the counter there, out of reach. Otherwise you can count me out of it altogether."

The burglar looked at Sharley's figure, pondered for a moment and, without taking his eyes off the other, walked around the desk. Opening the drawer in front of Sharley, he removed the pistol.

"Allow me," he remarked, passing his hand over Sharley's pockets. Finding no weapon upon the bookkeeper's person, he walked to the counter indicated by Sharley and deposited the two pistols. He then stationed himself midway between Sharley and the counter.

Sharley lowered his voice to an intense whisper.

"First, you must understand that I must be kept in the clear on this. On the discovery that the money is gone, if there is not perfect evidence to the contrary, I will most certainly be nabbed as the thief, because no one but the president of the firm and myself knows where the money is. For your part, you will be taking no more risks than if you had got only the fifteen hundred. You agree to that?"

"Yes! Go on."

"Then this is the chance I've been waiting for," whispered Sharley hoarsely, in uncontrolled agitation. "I'll tell you why I called that fifteen hundred a while ago. The head of the firm has always been afraid of banks, and has kept the net earnings of several years right under that fellow's nose, and Dowd kept blithely at work pocketing what daily collections he could and trying to keep the books so queer that no one would catch the discrepancies. The fool could have skipped with the whole pile and settled down to a quiet and independent life. Still, the man is in other respects clever."

"Though I have never seen him, I have been employed to straighten out books that he has queerer no-lose than six different times in the last five years. I've never known him to make a bobble before. The fake entries in his books have always figured out in the balance, so that the firms he has bamboozled could grin and hear their loss without prejudice to their customers, and so were able to continue in business."

"But here he has blundered in his books. There was a bill of six hundred and fifty dollars paid to the house two weeks before Dowd absconded. It came by mail, it is supposed. I issued no receipt for it. Neither did he make any entry in the books. Now, two firms claim to have paid up their accounts, both of which aggregated six hundred and fifty. And besides laying himself open to exposure, Dowd has jeopardized the trade of the two best customers of the house."

"The company is willing to stand the loss of the six-fifty, besides numerous smaller ones, provided Dowd will furnish the information as to who paid the amount. If he refuses, the old man is going to put five hundred dollars on his head."

"Oh, let up! Jones & Dock paid the money," said the burglar, half involuntarily. "Get on trail of that fifteen thousand, will you?" he added, angrily.

"I thought you could tell me about it," smiled Sharley, "judging by that yellow stain on the tip of your ring finger. They use a peculiar ink here that is very hard to get off one's fingers. Well, Mr. Dowd, about the fifteen thousand. Each evening before he closed the safe, you remember, the old man would bring a cigar box down from his private office. The box was a large one and was supposed to contain Havanas of a superb quality, with which he would regale favorite customers. Indeed, there was a layer or two of cigars on top."

"But beneath these the old fellow stowed away all cash profits, after converting them into bills of large denomination. No one dared to touch the cigars, for the old man was jealous of them—as well he might be. One clerk was discharged for pilfering one cigar from the box." Sharley lowered his voice still more and pointed a trembling finger toward the safe.

"That box is still there."

The burglar's eyes sparkled with fierce brightness. He made a movement toward the safe.

"Wait till we finish our plan," urged the auditor sharply. "The door of the safe must show damage in order that suspicion will not turn to me. This window must be tampered with, too. I don't want to run my head into a noose."

"Go ahead. We agreed on that. We can't tend to the 'damage' later."

"All right. By the way, you are sure that Jones & Dock paid the six-fifty?"

"Yes, and if you need it, there's a list of the other collections that fail to appear in the books," and the burglar produced a paper from his pocketbook. "Now get out the box. The old fool never gave me the combination. I admire his sagacity in giving it to you." He could not forego the sarcasm, though he was trembling with eagerness.

Sharley leaned over and spun the combination of the safe. The heavy bolts clinked and Sharley jerked open the door.

"Here it is. And we will smoke one of the major's cigars to his better health."

"D—his cigars. Show me what's underneath and be quick about it. If Dick Dowd was a fool, he is one no longer. You can have the cigars, the rest is mine. Hand it over, Mr. Sharley!"

Sharley's lips straightened. He scraped aside the top layer of cigars and drew out a silver-plated Colt's that nestled snugly underneath.

"Kindly put up your hands as high as you can conveniently, Mr. Dowd, and oblige me by not moving for a moment. Did I not expressly state that the money had been in the box? It was taken to the First National this morning and this little trifle took its place."

While speaking Sharley had moved slowly around the desk. Seeing his purpose, Dowd suddenly brought down his right hand in a swinging half circle, aiming a blow which, had it landed, would have put the Colt's out of reach. Though Sharley evaded the blow, his aim was lost for a moment. Instantly the burglar sprang toward the counter where lay the two revolvers. Sharley employed an old school-boy trick that has served many a man after schoolboy days as over. As his adversary sprang, he thrust his foot between the man's legs, and the burglar came to the floor with a terrific crash.

Sharley stepped to the counter and pocketed the revolvers.

"Don't be ill-natured. After favoring me with the information about the six-fifty—which, by the way, will assist me out of a bad tangle—I had thought better of you. Kindly step with me to the front door till an officer happens along. You first, please."

The burglar arose and led the way with sullen obedience.

Sagacity of Ancients.

Many quotations came from the works of Thales, the Greek philosopher and one of the seven wise men. It was he who said, "Know thyself."

"Few words are a sign of prudent judgment." Search after wisdom, and choose what is most worthy. "There is nothing more beautiful than the world."

"Time is the wisest thing, for it invents and discovers all things."

He also said that it was the hardest thing in the world to know oneself, and the easiest to admonish another. In his youth Thales was urged to marry; but he said, "It is too soon; and later in life, upon being urged again, he said, 'It is too late.'"

Bad Dream.

"How did the Chinese get their idea of a dragon as their national emblem?"

"I don't know," answered the unscientific person; "but it probably had its origin in the opium habit."

THE WOMAN IN THE CAR

By J. H. LEONHARDT.

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Bracebridge stood on the steps of the Casino. He had just tempted Fortune, and for once the jade had proved a brute, and he was left with a broken purse. To describe his remorse would be impossible; he wondered dully what his mother would think when he would seek her out that night in their unpretentious hotel that overlooked the bay of Monaca and tell her that the trip would have to be postponed; that they must hasten home without delay. He knew very well what she would do—how she would take his head on her shoulder and lay her soft, faded cheek against his ruddy one and say, "Never mind, boy. He cursed himself for a fool, and then chuckled grimly as he thought of the surplusage of money he would have when he had pawned various articles of apparel, the proceeds of which would go to buy tickets for home."

"Just enough for a box of cigars," he muttered as he stumbled down the steps to the street.

"Sir, can you not understand even English," spoke a delicious musical voice. Bracebridge scrambled slowly back to earth from the realms of despair into which he had descended. A big red limousine car stood by the curb, and from its window protruded a vision of pink and gold and fluffiness that caused Bracebridge to uncover with a haste that was more worshipful than grateful.

"Eh! What do you want?" he asked, rudely, for his dulled brain was not as quick as it was wont to be, nor his tongue as smooth; but the next instant he blushed in confusion at his own gruffness. "I beg your pardon, madam; can I be of service to you?"

"Ah, you can," she sighed, relievedly. "Come into the car; and she threw open the door, making room for him beside her."

"But," said Bracebridge, hesitating, "—"

"Come, if you are going," she spoke impatiently, at the same time rising and grasping his wrist and trying to tug him inside. Bracebridge, though it may sound paradoxical, could not resist that ineffective tug on his arm; he stepped from the curb and dropped on the seat beside her.

"Away, Adolphe!" she cried, sharply. The chauffeur started the machine with a rush.

Bracebridge had a sensation of a swift journey through the night, but it was a dim one, for he was busy drinking in the woman's beauty as she sat beside him, her neck encircled by a pearl collar, an expensive opera cloak thrown over her nude shoulders. Surely he had never seen the equal of this woman for beauty; she seemed almost set aside from him, a goddess; he could not converse with her. Once he tried to speak, but could get no further than "Madam—" whereat he became confused, and stammered himself into silence again. The girl laughed mischievously at his sorry attempt, then looked at him sideways, out of the corner of her violet-colored eyes, and said slowly: "I am human; you act afraid, as though you might be in the presence of a deity. I would not harm a living creature, and surely not you. Besides, I am smaller than you, you see." She ranged her tiny gloved hand in white kid beside Bracebridge's larger ones.

And then the eternal masculine assumption of soul arose in Bracebridge. He could not tell from whence came his sudden courage, but with a pounce he captured her fingers and threw his muscular arm around her; she struggled hard to release herself, but saw it was useless. She stopped, panting.

"You are musing my frock; I will call Adolphe, you insolent man," she said, between gasps.

Bracebridge let go her hands and grasped her bare arms, facing her towards him. His eyes were burning; he felt a weakening sensation as he touched her white flesh, a feeling of longing—longing and desire that he could not control. To know that this beautiful creature was at his mercy exhilarated him; he leaned slowly toward her, nearer and nearer; he could feel her shortened breath on his cheek. He gazed into her eyes, and she blinked, then shut them tightly, murmuring weakly, "Your shining eyes—they blind me." He bent still closer to her, and pressed his lips to hers in one shuddering ecstasy of joy and love. He could have sworn that those two rosebuds returned the pressure of his lips. She gave a surrendering sigh and laid her head upon his shoulder, her arms slipping around his neck. He crushed her to his breast victoriously.

Their one little second passed quickly. The car ran to the curb and stopped with a jerk, and they slipped apart. When the door was opened Bracebridge was saying: "I am clumsy, madam, in arranging your cloak, and I greatly fear your ruffles will be spoiled." He stepped out and looked around; they were back in front of the Casino again.

"I thank you greatly that you will aid me at all, sir," she said, smiling. "I abducted you on a wager, sir, that I could carry off the first gentleman I saw at the Casino."

"And may I see you to-morrow?" he asked, his soul in suspense.

"The heart cannot be controlled," she whispered softly. "Drive on, Adolphe." The machine whirled away.

"And now to purchase those cigars,"

ettes," said Bracebridge. Something cracked in his coat pocket; he felt, and it was a newspaper. "How did I get that," he asked himself, opening it absently. The flaming headlines caught his eye:

WOMAN IN RED AUTO
ROBS ENGLISH LORD.

Most Daring Scheme in Years—Lord Algonern the Victim.

He put his hand in his change pocket, where reposed his last five-franc note, "a remnant of the last battle."

"The devil; that girl has touched me!" he cried. "I was a fool not to think before what her game was."

But thank the gods that I am only a common person; they'll never know what a fool I've been, as they know about the Englishman. I don't believe I will smoke cigarettes to-night."

Added, as an afterthought. He pulled out his old briar pipe, lighting it in silence; then he slowly took his way toward the hotel.

"Tis sad to lose your money and your ideal on one summer's eve," he quoth, very crestfallen.

INDOOR PARTY GAME.

Musical Terms Can Be Made to Give a Pleasant Half-Hour.

In playing this pretty game each guest is given a dainty card, to which is fastened a small pencil by a cord or a ribbon. They are then told that the "music room" is full of articles of interest and that they are to discover them and write down their names.

They may hunt singly or in couples, working their lists out separately or together, as the hostess desires, and the best answer receives a prize, a box of candy in the form of a musical instrument being appropriate.

Their attention is called to the articles about the room, which are numbered, and opposite to corresponding numbers on their cards they must write the names.

Each object numbered must have some musical significance, and one need not be musical to guess them, as certain terms are so common that every one knows them.

Here is a list of articles that might be used in the game, with the significant answer to each:

1. Quire of paper (Choir).

2. Three dolls dressed alike (Triplets).

3. Carpenter's brace (Brace).

4. Watch (Time).

5. Razor (Sharp).

6. Chin-rest of a violin (Rest).

7. Card bearing the letters "XL" (Forté).

8. Some one's name (Signature).

9. Pair of scales (Scales).

10. Base of a table ball (Bass).

11. Peck measures containing two beats (Two beats in a measure).

12. Heavy string (Chord).

13. Flatiron with the letter B on its face (B flat).

14. Cardboard letter C hung on chandelier (High C).

15. Lump of tar (Pitch).

100

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC
JUNE 13.

SUN RISES 4:07 MOON SETS 10:32 P. M.
SUN SETS 7:21 FULL MOON (10:35 A. M.)
LENGTH OF DAY 15:14

First Quarter, June 18th, 9h. 53m., evening, W.
Full Moon, June 23th, 11h. 37m., evening, W.
Last Quarter, July 2d, 9h. 34m., morning, W.
New Moon, July 10th, 10h. 17m., morning, E.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

Seventy-three degrees above zero
Ald office at two o'clock this afternoon.
WLD office at two o'clock this afternoon.

CITY BRIEFS

The dog man is still on the hunt. About a month to the next circus. All sorts of crops will be late this year.

Metal thieves are busy men nowadays.

The navy yard half holidays begin next month.

The days will soon be at their greatest length.

There is no great need of more rain at present.

Wait till the Franklin Pierce men don those red shirts.

The moon will reach its fourth quarter next Tuesday.

Portsmouth has representation in a baseball league at last.

Kittery has strong representation in the Naval Academy.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Jim dealers are still doing business in the same old way.

United States court will be in session in Concord on June 18.

The Robbins circus will be welcome if it returns next year.

A state organization of Spanish War veterans is to be formed.

The new telephone directory, dated May 15, 1907, has made its appearance.

Sale of trimmed hats at Moorcroft's Friday and Saturday. BARGAINS.

Portsmouth is figuring prominently in the meetings of the state religious societies.

The work of paving Vaughan street by the Boston and Maine paving crew is expected to be started next week.

When both the war and navy departments want men at other places they generally draw from the ranks at Portsmouth and we get what is left.

The largest stock and lowest prices for monuments as we do not have the expense of agents and customers get the discount. John H. Dowd, Market street.

The fire department at the paper mill certainly did quick work the other night and it appears the men have lost nothing by the training of their chief, "Bill" Carter.

Porter street in the rear of the Rockingham and the Congregational chapel is decidedly improved since the new side and cross walks have been put in by the city and the new management of the hotel.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Hannah T. Rand

Mrs. Hannah T. Rand, one of the most aged residents of Portsmouth, died at her home on Northwest street this morning, aged ninety-four years, seven months. She was the widow of Levi Rand and a woman much esteemed.

Mary S. Downing

The death occurred at her home in Newington this morning of Mary S. Downing, aged fifty-three years, ten months. She is survived by two brothers.

OBSEQUIES

The funeral of Mrs. Lydia Manson was held this afternoon at two o'clock from her late home at Kittery Point, Rev. V. E. Bragdon officiating. Interment was in Orchard Grove cemetery, under the direction of Undertaker O. W. Ham.

Stops itching instantly. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, tetter, itch, dyes, herpes, scabies—Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

THE VISITORS BEATEN

Somersworth Lost The Game
On ThursdayDESPITE A COMMANDING LEAD
EARLY IN CONTEST

Portsmouth High School won a most peculiar game of baseball from Somersworth High at The Plains on Wednesday afternoon. With the score seven to nothing against them at the end of the second inning, the home players fell upon the Somersworth pitchers and aided by the weird playing of the visitors pulled out a victory.

In the first two innings, Somersworth batted the ball hard and Portsmouth made costly errors, the result being seven runs. Portsmouth did not score until the third, when good hitting brought in three runs.

In the sixth, Moran lost control and when he hit Quinn in the head with the ball completely lost his nerve, refusing to return to the box. Quinn quickly stayed in the game and pitched the ball.

Portsmouth found Moran's successors very easy and the Somersworth team going to pieces the game was pulled out of the fire without much difficulty.

The features of the game were the batting of Fredrick, Ifam, Driscoll, Shannahan, W. Hannigan and E. Flanagan. Quinn gave a fine exhibition of umpiring.

The tabulated score:

PORTSMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL

ABR BH PO A E

McPeters, ss 4 0 0 2 0

Ham, 2b 5 2 2 1 0

Call, cf 4 1 1 2 0

Driscoll, c 5 2 2 10 2

Fredrick, 1b 5 1 2 0 0

C. Brackett, 3b 3 1 0 1 4

Grant, rf 2 2 1 0 0

Quinn, p 3 1 0 0 3

Stockbridge, lf 2 2 1 1 0

W. Brackett, lf 1 0 0 0 0

Totals 34 12 9 27 10

SOMERSWORTH HIGH SCHOOL

ABR BH PO A E

Shannahan, ss 4 4 3 0 2

J. Flanagan, cf, lf 5 2 2 3 1

W. Hannigan, 1b, 3b 3 2 0 0 0

R. Flanagan, c 5 0 2 7 1

T. Hannigan, lf, ss 0 0 0 0 1

Priestly, 2b 5 0 0 1 1

Butman, 2b 4 0 0 1 4

McKeon, rf 2 0 0 0 0

Moran, p 3 1 0 0 2

Faunce, lf 2 0 1 1 0

Kerr, rf 1 0 0 2 0

Totals 41 10 11 24 11

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

P. H. S. 0 0 3 0 0 5 1 3 x—12

S. H. S. 3 4 0 0 0 2 0 1 0—10

Three base hit—Fredrick. Two

base hits—Call, Fredrick. Grant,

Shannahan, E. Flanagan, Faunce,

Sacrifice hits—Grant, Quinn. Stolen

bases—Ham, Brackett, Grant, Stock-

bridge, Shannahan, W. Hannigan.

Struck out—Quinn 11, Moran 4,

Shannahan 2. Hits—Off Moran, 6 in

5 and one-half innings; off J. Flanagan 1; off Shannahan 2. First base

on balls—Moran 4, J. Flanagan 2,

Quinn 2, Shannahan. Wild pitches—

Moran, J. Flanagan. Passed ball—

E. Flanagan. Hit by pitched ball—

Quinn. Umpire—Quinn. Time—

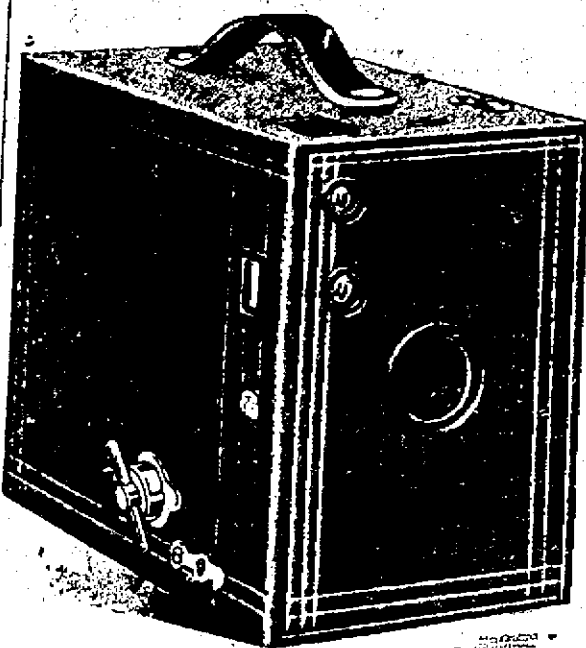
2 hours, 15 minutes.

LIST OF BEQUESTS

Made by Will of Mrs. Moses, Proved
at Exeter

In probate court at Exeter on Tuesday, the will of the late Louisa A. Moses of this city was proved. There are several public bequests and it is provided that the first is to be paid in full, the second to follow, the shortage, should there be any, to be made up from the last bequest. The property is disposed of as follows:

Methodist Church, Portsmouth, \$500; Christian Church, Portsmouth, \$500; Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Morrill, Albany, N. Y., \$500; Home for Aged Women, Portsmouth, \$500; Miss Anna L. Senvey, Portsmouth, \$100; Miss Sarah Gordon, Portsmouth, \$100; Cornelius Wentworth, Portsmouth, \$100; Rev. John A. Goss, pastor of Christian Church, York, Me., \$200; Emily and Ellen Tucker, Portsmouth, \$100; care of family lot, \$100; Pleasant Lodge, I. O. O. F., Portsmouth, \$100; Mayor Wallace Hackett, Portsmouth, for services, \$100; residue to Howard Benevolent Society, Portsmouth. The bequests total \$3000.

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LATEST!THE
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MUSIC STORE

UNDER LICENSE LAW

Peddler Arrested and Given a Hearing
in Police Court

Theodore Papoulias, a fruit peddler, was before Judge Stimes this forenoon charged with peddling without a license. He waived the reading the writ and pleaded not guilty. The arresting officer, Shaw, testified that he located the peddler on Market street with a loaded hand cart and when he asked for a look at the man's license was shown a license for another man, who, he claimed, was his cousin.

As he had no license in his own name he was brought to the station. His counsel claimed that the state had not proven that he was going to do so in Portsmouth. The court maintained that according to the law passed by the last Legislature the higher court would have to handle the case and consequently held Papoulias in the sum of \$100 for the October grand jury.

Joseph Lyons, for drunkenness,

got a suspended sentence and costs

amounting to \$16.99.

WAS NOT VICTIMIZED

Accommodating Newsboy Really Got
His Money Back With Extra Quar-

There is, at least, one happy newsboy in Portsmouth. The lad who on Sunday loaned two dollars to a stranger that the latter might secure a registered letter, on the promise of an extra quarter for the use of the money, really got his money back with the promised interest.

The stranger did not return as quickly as the boy expected and the youngster jumped to the conclusion that he had been victimized and reported the matter to the police. Having secured his letter, the stranger searched in vain for the newsboy who had accommodated him and at last appeared at the police station, where he left the two dollars with the additional twenty-five cents for his young friend. When the lad called at the police station to learn what the officers had done in his behalf he was given the money to his boundless delight.

IMITATED ROBBINS MEN

Young Man and Woman Gave a Free
Circus Exhibition

A few evenings ago, while a well known young man and his best girl were enjoying a ride in a handsome hitchcock about the city they performed a stunt that nearly stopped the breath of the flagman at the Green street crossing.

The couple came up from Market street and as they reached the crossing the flagman was surprised to see the horse turn up the railroad tracks toward Vaughan street, instead of going straight along the street. The carriage bounced over the ties and rails, finally managing to strike the street again, near the refrigerator, the occupants apparently as unconcerned as if they had passed over a mile of the straight, level boulevard at Rye.

THEY MADE A RECORD

The three young ladies from this city who recently visited Manchester are wondering ever since who it was that snatched the kodak on one of the party, who had occasion to change her shoes on the street. It's a fact that all the members of the party distinguished themselves at the noon hour and caused the waiters of one of the leading hotels to bring forth four kinds of pie, which they quickly and quietly devoured, establishing a record as the best, all around, good fancy feeders that had struck the town in many days.

PERSONALS

Andrew O. Caswell is passing the day in Boston.

Albert R. Jenkins was a recent visitor in Concord.

Miss Nettie Moulton of the railroad station cafe is visiting at her home in Raymond.

Mrs. Edna May Magoon of Barton, Vt., is the guest of Mrs. Annie A. Taylor of this city.

Mrs. Reuben Trask of South street is visiting in Providence, R. I., where she attended the wedding of her brother on Wednesday.

Miss Mary Lurvey of Russell street has returned from a visit of several weeks with friends in Boston.

Luther Varrell of Green street is confined to his home by injuries received while at work at the paper mill.

Mrs. Edward Berthume of Montreal, Canada, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Healey of South street.

Dr. and Mrs. Eastman left on Wednesday afternoon for a visit to Quebec. They will be gone about a week or ten days.

Rev. Alfred Gooding delivered the principal address at the final session on Wednesday of the New Hampshire Unitarian conference.

Majordom Charles Emerson Hovey, U. S. M., is at the home of his parents, Rev. and Mrs. Henry E. Hovey, in this city, awaiting orders for active duty.

George I. Goggin of this city was one of the ushers at the wedding at Old Orchard, Me., on Wednesday of Howard Tyler Goggin and Miss Mildred Hanson, both of Portland.

Ira O. Matthews, first assistant engineer at the plant of the Rockingham County Light and Power Company in this city, has been passing a few days at his home in Concord.

Mr. and Mrs. George McCarthy who were married June 4th, at Massillon, O., arrived home on Wednesday evening from their honeymoon. They will reside at No. 4 Whidden street.

Miss Edith Maud Stickney of Stratham was one of those who received diplomas at the annual commencement exercises of Robinson Female Seminary, Exeter, on Wednesday.

Hon. Frank Warren Hackett was elected one of the vice-presidents of the New Hampshire Historical Society at the eighty-fifth annual meeting held on Wednesday in Concord. Hon. Henry M. Parker of Bow was chosen president.

AT THE NAVY YARD

The tug Nezinecol and the Gresham came out the dry dock this afternoon and the U. S. S. Austria, the collier Sterling and the water barge will be put in on the blocks.

Nobody aboard the U. S. S. Gresham felt the accident to Quartermaster Olsen more keenly than the pet goat, "Bill," under Olsen's care on the ship. The animal followed his master as he was being carried to the yard hospital, bleating pitifully and today he refused to eat or to take notice of any member of the ship's crew.

Bids for the yard trucking, submitted to the different teaming firms, are to be opened the last of the month.

Daniel Driscoll, private in the marine guard at the yard barracks, will complete his term of enlistment tomorrow.

One hundred tons of coal were placed aboard the U. S. S. Newport today. The ship is expected to get away between June 19 and June 29.

Wireless men are decidedly scarce in the service.

With the bofership men and the foundry ball tossers ever play that match game?

FELL INTO DRYDOCK

Seaman the Victim of a Serious
AccidentJOHN OLSEN BADLY INJURED AT
THE NAVY YARD

John Olsen, a first class signal quartermaster on the United States revenue cutter Gresham, had a narrow escape from death while going aboard the ship on Wednesday evening.

Olsen was passing onto the gangway stretched from the coping of the dry dock to the ship and tripping over one of the cleats of the planking pitched headlong into the dock.

In the fall, his body struck the second layer of granite and he turned completely over before landing in the bottom of the basin.

He was picked up by his shipmates and removed to the Naval Hospital, where it was found that his right thigh was broken and that he had suffered a concussion of the brain. Today he was removed to the Cottage Hospital in this city and attended by Dr. A. C. Heffenger.

The injured man has followed the sea nearly all his life and has been attached to this ship for the past four years. He is an excellent seaman and a prime favorite with all the men of the crew, who are exceedingly grieved by his misfortune and hope for his speedy recovery.

NAVY YARD MEN IN COSY QUARTERS

The League of Navy Yard Workmen has taken the rooms on Congress street formerly occupied by the Knights of Columbus. Here the League now does its business and occupies the rooms as permanent quarters open to the members at all times.



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Up one flightGOOD PRICES PAID FOR
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Drop postal and I will call.

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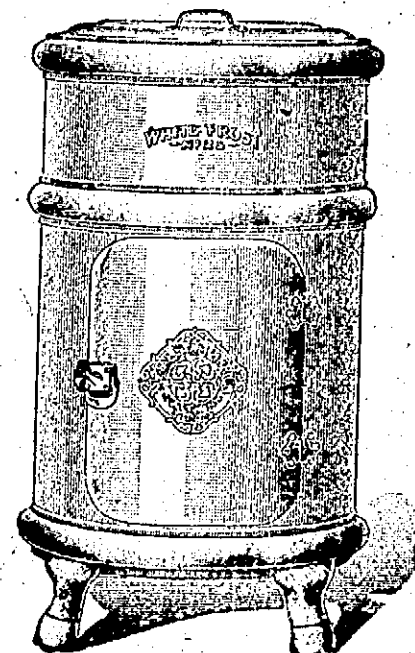
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